THE BYSTANDER
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MAY 27, 1931

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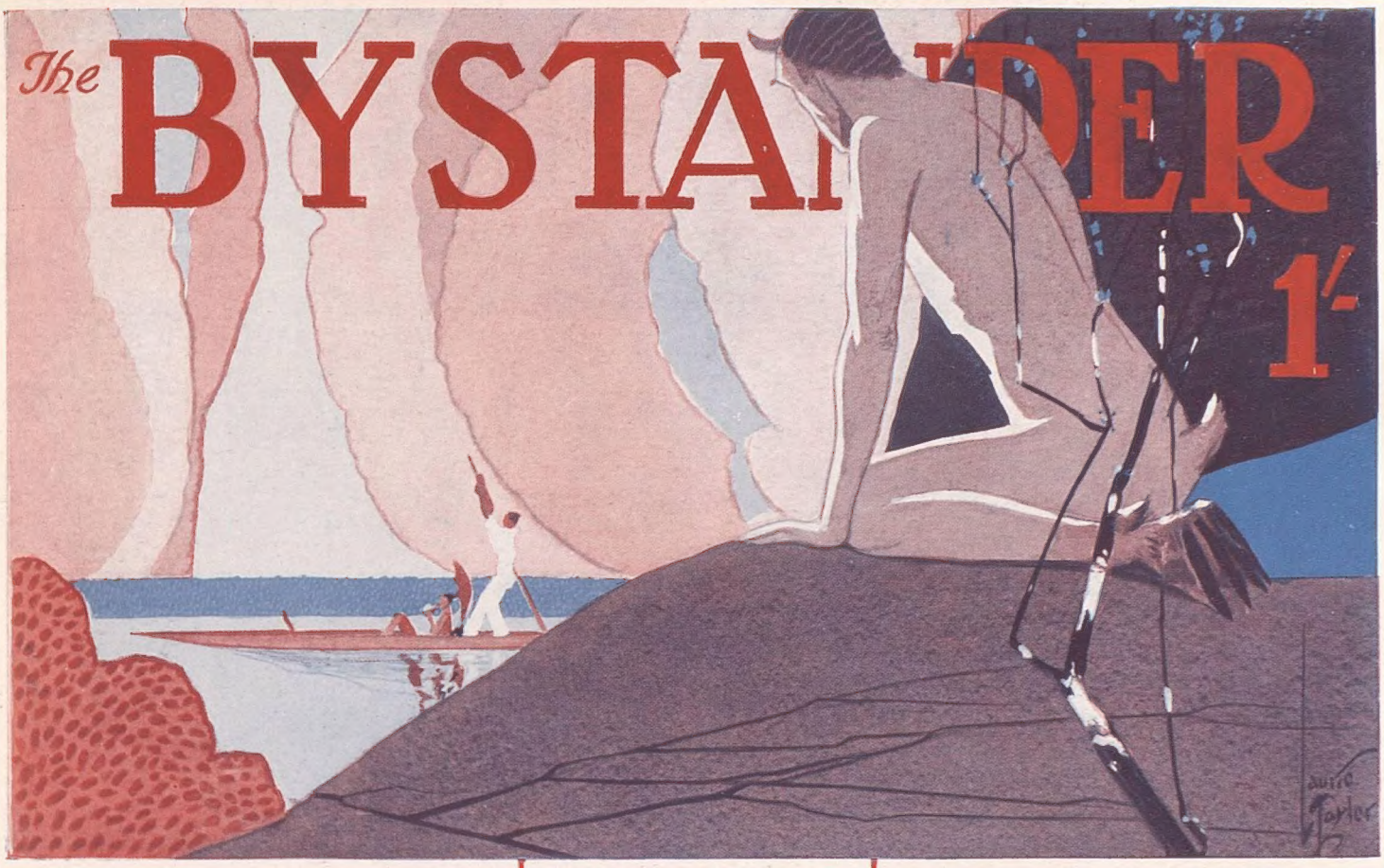
The Season's Activities Featured Pictorially



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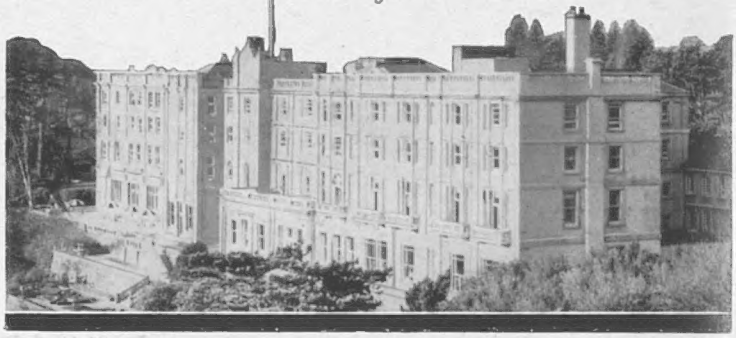

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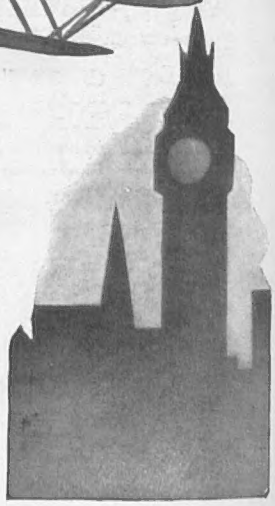


The Bystander, May 27, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1432. Vol. CX.

Hay Wrightson

LADY DAVINA LYTTON

The daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, whose engagement has been announced to the Earl of Erne. Her fiancé, who was a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, has his seat at Crom Castle, Newtown-Butler, in Co. Fermanagh

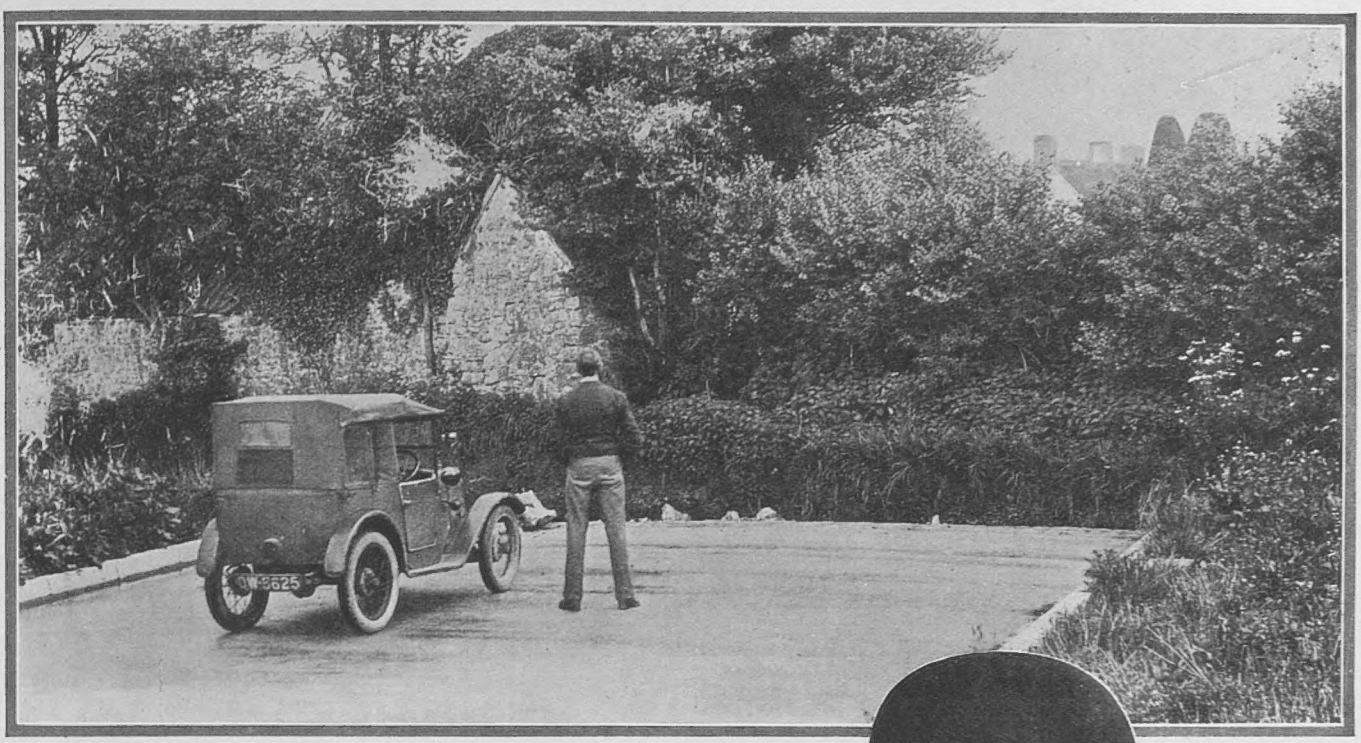
When We Are Very Young

LADY HAILSHAM
With her little daughter, Domini Margaret

MARY VESTEY
The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vestey, of Tor Point, St. George's Hill, Weybridge. Her father is a nephew of Lord Vestey

MRS. MALCOLM VAUGHAN
With her baby daughter, Jennifer Audrey. Mrs. Vaughan is the daughter of the Rev. F. A. G. and Mrs. Leveson-Gower and a niece of Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, the famous cricketer

HARVEY AND AUDREY
The two attractive kiddies of Lieut.-Colonel Henry Combe, D.S.O., and of Lady Moira Combe. Their mother is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell



THE END OF THE ROAD

The sudden end at Langford of the important by-pass on the Bristol-Exeter main road. For more than two years Miss Maud Dyer has refused, on sentimental grounds, to vacate the cottage which prevents the completion of the road, and the matter is now in the hands of an arbitrator

the passing hour

WHITSUN has now come and gone. And so have the first two Courts. The Amateur Golf Championship has been won. There are rumours about the Derby favourites, and the 1931 crop of debutantes are beginning to get to know each other. As in previous years, many of them have been meeting for the first time at the rehearsals for the Queen Charlotte Ball, which is due to take place at the Dorchester to-morrow.

ALREADY they were beginning to chatter to each other early last week at Crewe House, lent by Lord Crewe for one of the tea-fights in connection with the Ball. Clare Lady Cowley acted as hostess, for Lord Crewe left at 4 p.m. Several of the girls had dressed up for the benefit of the photographers, who had to wait two hours to take the pictures. Lady Violet Pakenham was helping Miss Eileen Vaughan to dress up in 18th-century dress. Miss Molly Towle dressed herself, and most of the rest just gossiped in the North Room.

THERE was Lady Diana Wellesley, not to be confused with her cousin, Lady Anne Wellesley, in green, and talking to Lady Hélène Hay. There was Miss Paget, the daughter of Major Jack Paget. There was a dowager whose name I will not mention, selling Irish Sweepstake tickets to Mr. Seymour Leslie—what a thing, by the way, to happen at a Buds' party! The Hon. David Rhys was expected, but did not arrive. No doubt his duties as a junior assistant-waiter at the Hotel Metropole prevented him from being present.

JUDGING by the thirty or forty debutantes who were there, this year's English crop are rather prettier, though a trifle leggier, than usual. One or two seem quite as tall as the Lygon girls. I think, though, that none of them is as pretty as Miss Audrey Barrett, the American debutante who was presented by General Dawes's wife at the second Court last week. American debutantes have had the advantage of a complete New York Season before "coming out" over here. They are, in conse-

LADY FIONA PRATT *Lenare*

The younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, whose engagement has been announced to Sir Gerard Fuller, Bart., of the Life Guards. Lady Fiona is a keen horsewoman and a regular rider to hounds during the hunting season

PERSONALITIES AND PARTIES

Lenare

MISS FRANCES ISOBEL RAYNER

Whose engagement has been announced to Lieutenant Simon Borrett, R.N., the younger son of the late Mr. C. A. Borrett and of Mrs. Borrett, of Bishop's Itchington. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Oscar Rayner and of Mrs. Rayner, of Chieveley Manor, Newbury

quence, less gauche, and are more able to cope with dull young men.

S

THE same afternoon that I went to Crewe House I looked in at a very different party at the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps's place in Bond Street. All kinds of diversions were offered to the guests. Lady Milbanke, whose husband was coming back that day from Ireland, was selling two-shilling tickets in a tombola. Mr. Peter Thursby was looking for his wife. Sir Henry Birkin was talking about Brooklands. Colonel Wilfred Egerton was being sympathised with over the scratching of Lemnarchus, owned by his brother, Lord Ellesmere.

S

JEAN PATOU was in charge of this, and each of us was given about a dozen bottles of perfume from which to compile the perfect scent. They were all colours and all smells, and, after a cocktail or two, were quite intoxicating. You could mix indigo with "bitter-sweet," and "sweet" with orange. It was all great fun, and anyone who wanted them could eat what tasted like plover-eggs, but were described as sea-gulls' eggs.

S

MRS. CHARLES ANSELL was there, and Miss Mala Brand, and Lady Ashley, and Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton, and Mrs. Braham, as well as Mrs. Grinling, and most of the Embassy Club set. Colonel Lynch, of the International Sportsmen's Club, was one of the few men present. Colonel Fred Cripps was, of course, there, and cocktails were served in three different rooms. It was, in fact, a thoroughly good party.

S

I WAS glad to see Lady Plunket looking well again since the birth of her latest child. She was at "The Front Page" the other night with her husband, and, I gather, thoroughly enjoyed it. That same evening I went on to the Savoy Grill, where they were still talking about Lady —— smacking Mrs. ——'s face because the former's step-son was with Mrs. ——. The law of libel being what it is, I can say no more except that Lady —— has been married more than once, and that Mrs. —— is an American.

S

ALSO at the Savoy Grill that even was Eric Marshall, Lord Winchester's step-son, who had been to hear Tauber, and had had his overcoat burnt by some late comer's cigar. Manners are certainly not as good as they were a few years ago. It is hardly worth arriving punctually for a theatre if people are going to tread on your toes while finding their seats in the dark for most of the first act.

S

THE announcement of the engagement of Lord

Lenare

Miss Betty Sutor, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. McDonald Sutor, cutting the cake after her wedding to Mr. James A. Cobham Grant at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The reception was held at the Garden Club

MISS NANCY PAULL

The younger daughter of Mrs. Allen Paull, of Shipton Moyne, Gloucestershire. Miss Paull, who is a successful racehorse owner, is to marry Mr. Arthur Graham Moon, the eldest son of the Rev. Cecil G. Moon and Mrs. Moon, of Fosse House, Stow-on-the-Wold

PLAYTIME BESIDE THE THAMES

Little Girl Guides strewing flowers as Mr. W. Edmund Halsey and his bride, Miss Barbara Orr-Ewing, the daughter of the late Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing and Lady Augusta Inskip, leave the church at Portpatrick after their wedding. The bridegroom is the younger son of Sir Walter and Lady Halsey, of Gaddesden Place, Hemel Hempstead

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

CAMERONIAN has pleased in his work since winning the Two Thousand and I stand Mr. J. A. Dewar's colt to win the Derby, and suggest an each way bet on ORPEN, third in the Two Thousand. Horses to add to our list to follow until they win are:

NORTON ROSE was a late order at Newmarket, but the filly started slowly. Will do better with experience and recover losses.

LUCKY SARAH must never be left out. A liberal commission was well placed at Newmarket. Although badly drawn ran very gamely.

TOM TIT III was a sound market proposition at Newmarket. Likely to be better suited by a round course.

NOBLE STAR carried big money at Newmarket. Was always in the front rank. Losses should be recovered.

PIPERNO just failed to get up when making his debut in the Flying Handicap at Newmarket. Was confidently expected. Will win sprint races.

DENBIGH must be followed with confidence. Is a handsome colt and shows great promise.

Erne and Lady Davina Lytton did not surprise their friends, though its premature publication must have irritated the young couple themselves. Nothing is more infuriating than the leakage into the newspapers of such matters of purely private interest, and more than one young man has had his romance ruined because of it. In the opinion of many people such premature announcements ought to be made actionable at law.

A COMMITTEE of women, all well known to readers of THE BYSTANDER, will be the hostesses at the sixth annual Children's Garden Party, which is given each year to help the Duchess of York's Clinic for Mothers and Babies at Islington. The party, which is run on the same lines as Children's Day at Ranelagh, will take place this year on Wednesday, June 10, at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea.

A HIGHLY successful feature last year, which attracted a number of entries, is to be repeated—namely, open boxing competitions for small boys ranging from five to ten years of age. These will again be judged by a member of the Stock Exchange Boxing Club. A new idea is the Art Competition for children from six to fourteen, who may enter drawings or paintings on two subjects—(1) an animal, (2) an original illustration of any story. The latter will be judged by Miss Mabel Lucie Attwell. Among the twenty-four hostesses are Lady Burney, the Hon. Mrs. C. N. Barlow, Lady Moira Combe, and Mrs. Jac Wendell.

THE River Clubs have certainly been unlucky over their opening dates. The rain on the Saturday night and Sunday night did its best to depress the guests at the Hungaria River Club at Maidenhead and Poulsen's Club at Datchet. Still, if it was wet outside at Maidenhead, it was also wet inside, for under the presidency of Lord Decies 130 hocks, moselles, and sherries were put out to be tasted gratis and for nothing. Only forty were ultimately opened, but that was fair enough.

POULSEN'S CLUB at Datchet, within sight of Windsor

SMILES AND SHOWERS

Lieutenant Bryan H. M. Kendall, R.N., and his bride, Miss Iris Gillan, the only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Gillan, passing their Guard of Honour after their wedding at St. Mary's Church, Shalford, Guildford. The shower that made the umbrella imperative could not damp the smiles of the bride and bridegroom

PARLIAMENTARIANS AT PLAY

Castle, and with two of the Royal Princes as members, is a most luxurious place—just, in fact, what one always hoped that a river club would be and so seldom is. So many guests and members had announced their intention of turning up that the opening had to be spread out over two days. Among the many attractions of the place, I should say that perhaps the cocktail bar stands out above the rest—at any rate during a wet week-end. In the near future all kinds of tournaments, with prizes, are going to be held there, as well as rowing races and the like. Lord Donegall, Lady Seafield, Sir Anthony Weldon, and Captain Barnato are on the selection committee.

NEW one-man restaurants are springing up right and left in London. Sovrani is opening his place, the Malmaison, to-night in Stratton Street. Taglioni has a new restaurant called the Monseigneur in Piccadilly. The restaurant in Trafalgar Square has changed its name and is now the Chantilly.

ONE of the least cheerful pieces of news that I have heard this week is that Mr. Roy Howard, the American newspaper millionaire, was informed by one of our own best-informed millionaires that there was going to be a war in Europe in the next sixty days. The Polish corridor has something to do with it. But I could not quite make it all out.

MR. ROY HOWARD tells a good story of the late Lord Northcliffe. When Mr. Howard was over here fifteen years ago, Lord Northcliffe told him that he got up at 4 a.m. Mr. Howard was sceptical, and said, "Well, nobody is going to disprove you." But he had not reckoned with his host. Next morning he was awakened at 5 a.m. by Lord Northcliffe's butler bringing marked copies of *The Times* and other London newspapers, together with Lord Northcliffe's instructions for the day for his staff.

The Speaker of the House (Capt. E. A. Fitzroy) driving off in his second round match against Mr. R. Verney. The latter won by 4 and 3

Lord Lothian, whose handicap is 4, and his opponent, Lady Astor. The latter, who is on the 22 mark, won by 1 hole

Personalities in the Parliamentary Handicap at Walton Heath and Douglas Fairbanks in action in the Amateur Golf Championship at Westward Ho!

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, the famous film star, driving from the eighteenth tee during his match with Mr. R. round of the British Amateur Golf Championship at Westward Ho! A huge "gallery" saw him lose a hard battle

DEBUTANTES IN THE MALL

Sir John Simon driving off. He was beaten in the second round by Lord Jellicoe

Abercrombie in the first at the eighteenth green

LAST week's Courts drew the usual large crowd of sight-seers to the Mall, where the long lines of stationary cars gave them ample opportunity to study debutantes and dowagers at close quarters. Most of those who involuntarily provided a free peep-show came through the ordeal extraordinarily well, considering that it is no easy matter to keep up an air of unconcern whilst your general appearance is the subject of critical, and sometimes caustic, comment, most of which is only too painfully audible to the victims.

THE methods adopted by the debutantes to while away the tedium of the long wait before their cars passed through the high iron gates of the Palace varied considerably, but in very few cases were the occupants content to sit staring rigidly to their front. Many brought books or needlework with which to occupy themselves, and impromptu picnics of the sandwich and thermos-flask type were many. One debutante, Miss Margaret Bayne, turned the tables on the staring crowds by making lightning sketches of the different types, and many brought packs of cards and passed the time in playing not too serious bridge.

WHATEVER the feelings of those who provide the spectacle may be, there can be no doubt that the crowds which are always present in the Mall when there is a Court thoroughly enjoy the proceedings. Women are very much to the fore on these occasions, and the Court gowns are subjected to much criticism, not all of it favourable. But it is all part of the game and taken in good spirit.

THEY may order things better in France, but so far as the Lawn Tennis Championships are concerned I think Wimbledon can give points to Paris. Thanks to the arrangement by which all singles matches are reserved for the second week there, the start of the tournament, with weak pairs being made mere chopping blocks for strong ones in doubles, is as dull as ditchwater, and correspondents are at their wits' end, in the early stages, to find anything to write about of interest to English readers.

I BELIEVE the draw abroad has always been "cooked" so as to prevent the best players meeting each other in earlier rounds, but I am not at all sure that now this "cooking" has been legalised it is of an advantage from the spectators' point of view. With a straightforward draw in the old days at Wimbledon some of the best matches in the whole tournament were to be seen in earlier rounds.

Mr. P. Latham, the new M.P. for Scarborough, who was elected an hour before the draw for the competition was made. He beat Mr. N. Thompson 2 and 1 in the first round and Sir N. Grattan Doyle by the same margin in the second round

The Earl of Westmorland driving off from the first tee at Walton Heath In the second round he beat Sir G. Cockerill 6 and 5

ANOTHER UP-RIVER CLUB OPENS ITS DOORS:

Capt. C. Pim, Mrs. Heathcote, the Hon. Ivor Guest, Mrs. C. Pim, and Sir Hugh Seely form a merry party in the restaurant

Mr. Anthony Prinsep (left), M. Stucco, Miss Margare the Honorary Secretary, drin

Lady Bridget Paulett and Mr. Henry Morrison try out the excellent dance floor

A supper-time group: Mr. Ronald Harrison (left), H.H. The Ranee of Sarawak, Mr. Ansnit, Miss Elizabeth Brookes, Mr. Llewellyn, and Miss Leonora Brookes

COCKTAIL TIME AT DATCHET

The Marquess of Donegall hands Miss Mollie Wingfield a cocktail during l'heure de l'apéritif at Poulsen's Club

SOCIETY and BOHEMIA at POULSEN'S, DATCHET

Bannerman (Mrs. Anthony Prinsep) and Mr. Bickmore, to the success of the Club

A group including Mr. Nelson Keys (left), Miss Audrey Acland and Mr. Stanley Cooper enjoying a joke by Mr. Bobbie Howes, who is seen third from the left

In the cocktail bar. Seen above are Miss Pat Wallace, Miss Margaret Bannerman, Mrs. Leila Stewart, and Messrs. Henry Vibart, Bill Linnett, Brian Wallace Reed, Anthony Prinsep and Arthur Wimperis

The Marquess of Donegall's party which includes Miss Nicholl, the Misses Nancy and Baba Beaton, Lady Bridget Paulett, Miss Whigham, Miss Mollie Wingfield, Mrs. Claude Leigh, Mrs. Stewart Brown, the Marquess of Donegall, Mr. Henry Morrison, Mr. Horlick, and Mr. Eric Hatry

Miss Margaret Bannerman at Poulsen's Club. She is seen in the latest thing in pyjamas for outdoor wear

In the upper photograph, Mr. Kaye Don is seen making an unsuccessful attempt in Miss England II to break the world's motor-boat speed record on Lake Garda. Below he is seen on his way to embark, accompanied by the great airman-poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, who wrote poems prophesying his victory, made a habit of kissing him ardently in public, and followed Miss England II's trials with the keenest interest

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. . . . Hello . . . hello . . . Baa? Darling, I've just got back. . . . Yes, from Paris . . . a divine time . . . such fun, and oh! such late nights. . . . Josephine Baker is "*the*" most-talked-of person. . . . She is a riot. . . . There is a rumour that Adrian Holman . . . who married Lord Tyrrell's daughter recently . . . has transferred to China . . . and that he sails alone. . . .

CLOTHES, as usual, took up half my time . . . and I got a lovely Ascot dress in the newest "indiarubber green" with a "lipstick pink" sash . . . two colours are smart again after a period of ensembles. . . . I saw Alexandra Metcalfe at the Embassy last week wearing a mauve frock with a pink belt and twisted shoulder-ribbons. . . . Bridget Paget has the same model in black and flesh colour. . . .

CINEMA parties get more and more popular. . . . In days gone by one went to them in any old rag and a hat. . . . Now one dines in one's best and ends up at the Café de Paris or the Anglais. . . . The Duchess of York wore a lovely black velvet coat trimmed with a huge collar of white fox when she went quite informally to the Phœnix Theatre last week . . . and I saw "Billy" Scarsdale one night in a lovely periwinkle blue dress under a mink coat. . . .

HOW I would love to have a garden to my house in London. . . . Mrs. Bossom's in Carlton Gardens is a blaze of crimson rhododendrons . . . and Rhoda Birley tells me her Hampstead garden is lovely just now. . . . Her husband has painted the most delightful new picture of her . . . which is in the Academy. . . . Rhoda is often with Doreen Knatchbull, and both so tall and beautiful . . . they make a striking couple. . . . What an unusual Christian name Lord Fairhaven has! . . . Huddlestone! . . . I saw him with the Yorks and Philip Sassoon the other night. . . . He owns that magnificent yacht—the Sapphire . . . which has aboard a unique collection of miniature sailing ships. . . . Some were made by prisoners centuries ago . . . and are so small that they are rigged with real hair. . . . Huddlestone has rather a reserved manner, which makes beautiful young things afraid of him . . . but he appears very human in Alan Inverclyde's book, "Porpoises and People," which the latter wrote about a cruise in the Sapphire. . . .

MOLLY ASHLEY is assuring all her friends that they must wear shell-flower tiaras to be smart. . . . She sells them at her new shop, which is called . . . somewhat naïvely, I think . . . "Artificial Flowers and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley." . . . She is also striving to finish her new house in Westminster. Molly told me she has used stainless steel whenever possible, both for usefulness and decoration. . . . I made her promise us all a house-warming soon.

WHEN I met a vivacious . . . thin . . . very chic and attractive person with Lady FitzAlan I couldn't believe she was an opera singer . . . but all things are possible in Chicago . . . and Marguerite Namara is to sing before Princess Mary at the Vaudeville on Friday before she leaves for Spain to make her first talkie. . . . Madame Namara wore a white hat . . . so popular with Americans, though I think Englishwomen are a little frightened of them except the smallest blanc beret. . . .

Mrs. Corrigan is the first woman to brave a pyjama-skirt at the Embassy Club. . . .She had one in a tulip-patterned crêpe de Chine. . . . Margaret Bannerman tells me she has ordered one in black georgette with a floral design. . . . To Eileen Sutherland they are not an innovation; she has worn Chinese pyjamas for a long time for quiet evenings at home, and very lovely she looks in them. . . . Eileen is so tall that she looks up to few people. . . . Mary Blandford is almost her double; and beautiful Daphne Weymouth . . . who is so seldom in London these days. . . .

I AM always talking about women, Baa, dear . . . when I might be telling you of the eligible young bachelors I see about. . . . Hugh Sefton, for one, so tall and distinguished . . . Ali Khan . . . son of the Aga . . . Hugh Seeley . . . and, if you count them under the category of bachelors *now* . . . Hubert Duggan and Quiney Gilbey. . . .

THE very lovely ex-wife of a rich peer and wife of a much-talked-of young man . . . is kicking over the traces slightly for the second time of asking. . . . Darling, how I talk . . . on and on, while the pennies mount up on my telephone account. . . . Bless you and keep your pockets like your virtue . . . secure. . . . Until next week I must say Adieu! . . .

AT THE PLAY

JOLLY GOOD COMPANIONS

By Vernon Woodhouse

"The Good Companions," at His Majesty's

IT is not usual for novels to dramatise well, but *The Good Companions* is an exception, for the stage version makes a truly delightful play, and this despite, or it may be because of, the fact that the novel possesses very little plot. In this case J. B. Priestley himself, in collaboration with Edward Knoblock, has not been hampered with a long and complicated story, but has been able to set upon the stage various vivid scenes which delight eye and ear.

IT is hardly necessary to recall how in the book a number of widely diversified characters, brought together by the Goddess of Chance, form themselves into a concert party, and how success attends their efforts until such time as the party becomes broken up from a variety of causes, leaving the elderly, philosophic, out-of-work carpenter, Jess Oakroyd, having "seen life," to face the death of his wife, be stranded once more, and, finally, join his married daughter in Canada. He is the principal character in the book, and, rightly, the adapters have kept him in the foreground.

SKILFULLY, however, they have in doing so not immolated on the altar of precedence many of the other delightful characters, such as the stranded pierrot troupe; Miss Trant, who finances them when in difficulties; Young Inigo Jollifant, the prep. schoolmaster with music in his blood—each and all of whom are given their chances to bring to life the folk who amused and interested us in the printed page.

Mrs. Joe Brundit (Viola Compton) "gets the bird" and the garden produce when singing "Just a Song at Twilight," thanks to the organised opposition arranged by the local Cinema proprietor, jealous of the success of "The Good Companions" troupe

AND what a jolly, cheery lot they all are! Sentiment abounds, but it is of a virile, English quality, and never once descends to that of the saccharine variety, which makes one feel all hot and bothered. What a relief it is for once in a while to get away from cocktail-drinking by manly women and womanly men, and from yet one more attempt to extract the Q.E.D. from the infernal triangle!

AND, also, what a chance it gives to the producer, who in this case is Julian Wylie. Every one of the sixteen scenes by Laurence Irving is either a well-designed miniature or a full-sized canvas, and some of them are extraordinarily effective. The market-place at Ribsden, for instance, where a fair is in progress, is full of life and colour. The lounge of the Crown Hotel at Gatford is the very spit of a provincial pub. The Manor School is equally life-like, and these form backgrounds for incidents which are full of humour and observation.

A HARRY TÊTE À TÊTE

Jess Oakroyd (Edward Chapman) and Joby Jackson (Alexander Field), with Professor Miro (Max Montesole), discussing an "old saw" previous to setting up their stalls in the Market Place at Ribsden

FUN AT A PREP. SCHOOL

Inigo Jollifant, an assistant master (John Gielgud), delights two members of a pierrot troupe, Susie Dean (Adele Dixon) and Morton Mitcham (Laurence Baskcomb), not to mention Mr. Fauntley (Deering Wells), another assistant master, with a tune of his own composition, which later becomes world-famous

Jess Oakroyd (Edward Chapman), a carpenter on the tramp, engaged by Elizabeth Trant (Edith Sharpe) to be handy-man to a pierrot troupe which, in a moment of enthusiasm, she finances

SKETCHES OF "THE GOOD COMPANIONS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S, BY H. H. HARRIS

IN a cast of forty-four—and all well played—mention in particular should be made of Edward Chapman as Jess Oakroyd, a character study all the more effective for the quiet way in which it is played; some clever "doubles" by Deering Wells, Ellen Pollock, Margaret Yarde and Max Montesole with a "treble" by William Heilbronn; Edith Sharpe as a life-like Miss Trant both in looks and manner; the spirited acting of Ellen Pollock as the star of the pierrot troupe; and the charm which John Gielgud invests the young schoolmaster, Inigo Jollifant.

ON leaving the theatre I heard someone, evidently unacquainted with the story, say that the sequence of scenes was rather difficult to follow. To those similarly situated I would suggest their reading the book first and seeing the play afterwards. To those who have already read it I would also suggest a visit, feeling sure that they will not be disappointed, for *The Good Companions* are first-rate company.

"The Old Man," at Wyndham's

IF Edgar Wallace were still a dramatic critic and were sent to notice his own play, *The Old Man*, at Wyndham's Theatre, I very much doubt if he would write this down as the author's best drama to date—and I think he would be right.

ONCE again he has written a thriller with a complicated plot, without a murder this time, but he has mixed up his thrills with comic relief to such an extent that we "dunno where we are." There are constant interludes in which that extremely funny comedienne, Maisie Gay, keeps the house in fits of laughter with some amusing dialogue; but this actress plays the part of an elderly barmaid on the lines which she has made famous in revue sketches and such like. Again she does it brilliantly, but the more funny she is in her very low comedy style the more one wonders how such an "elastic-sided booter" ever kept (or secured) a job at what is a rather smart country hotel.

AS Edgar Wallace produced as well as wrote this play, no blame can be attached to the actress for not playing her part in a comedy rather than a farcical key; neither can Jack Melford be censured for making such a poisonous cad of the worst villain as to make the imagination boggle when trying to believe that a woman with any decent feeling would have had an affair with him.

TO the unthinking, however, such matters as these really don't count. They will go to Wyndham's and laugh and shudder just as the author intends them to do. But both the thinking and unthinking should derive enjoyment from the incisive acting of Alfred Drayton as the hotel proprietor, who has never had a better part or played one better.

V. W.

BY BEAUCHAMP

OUR PACIFISTS

"What the 'Party of Peace for the People' needs is a new battle-cry—a new marching song—and resolute storm-troops!"

if Sossip we must

ALL ON A MAY MORNING

A group of cheery courtiers in readiness and eager for the pageant which was held recently at the Royal Albert Hall and performed at the annual meeting of the Waifs' and Strays' Society

MORE PAGEANTRY!

Earl Beauchamp, Chancellor of London University, in his robes carried by an attendant page, showing that even education can prove picturesque

Now that King Alfonso has been bundled out of Spain and that rather unhappy country has settled down to rioting, church-burning, priest-baiting, and the rest of it, one can glean a little pride and satisfaction from the respect that has been paid by some insurgent spirits to the British flag. Certain unhappy victims of the anti-monarchists having been pursued into a building where they were caught like rats in a trap, one of them had the bright notion of hoisting the Union Jack, to which act they owed their safety.

It is ironic to realise that it is highly improbable that that flag would have been accorded such an honour in its own country, whose Prime Minister sang at the time of the great General Strike of a flag of another hue and a redder one. Mr. MacDonald was at the Dorchester Hotel the other night to listen to Chaliapin. But he did not sing "The Red Flag" on that occasion.

It is good to know that however much our Reds at home despise and belittle the Union Jack, which they regard as the symbol of the hated British Empire and the badge of oppression, it can still command respect abroad. But then, Spain has been friendly to the English for quite a long time.

Not so very long ago I was in Valencia (where some of the most serious of the recent rioting has taken place), and, arriving at the local hotel, registered (quite correctly) as English. That hotel not only refused to accept any money from me, but I was given a ceremonial welcome at the local cinema—nothing to pay—and treated with courtesy and enthusiasm. That was because a British warship had the day previously rescued some Spanish airmen trying to fly the Atlantic, and had brought them in safety to the Azores. It will take a lot of Communism in Spain to make the British disliked there.

Really, the Socialists cannot have it both ways in the matter of India. Here is Mr. Wedgwood Benn "putting behind him," like Mr. Podsnap, all consideration of an Indian boycott of Lancashire. He doesn't want to believe in it, which is coming fairly near to not believing it; and in the Indian debate in the House of Commons he declared that there was not, and never had been, any

"An' is yer daughter 'appily
"Very 'appily, thanks, dearie

FACE VALUES

Dame Madge Kendal recently set about a girl in a public street because she was using a lip-stick.

"Not for generations has the standard of women's beauty been so high as it is to-day"
—Mr. Bertram Park, the well-known photographer.

DEAR ladies, I pray you take heart
And do not despair though Dame Kendal
Is playing a strenuous part
In doing her utmost to end all
This use of the lip-stick when out
For a stroll in our packed public places.
Whilst Victorians sigh
For the days now gone by
And murmur, "Oh, Eheu Fugaces!"

For are not the girls of to-day
More lovely than those dear Papa knew?
So even though stern critics say
It's certainly time they must "larn" you
For using your lip-stick and paint,
Remember we men know that we'll owe
A debt that is huge
To the well-applied rouge
That improves our new Venus de Milo.

If Kendalites angrily cry,
"To stop making-up is your duty.
We really can't understand why
You seek thus to add to your beauty,"
Secure in the knowledge that you
Have been called by an expert so fair-faced
Say, "I do it for you
For I know it is true
That you simply hate girls who are barefaced!"

B. W.

By Frank Ford

married?'
'Er 'usband's scared to death of 'er"

Sidney Fox, the twenty-year-old film star, who, after a short stage experience, was discovered by Unwersal Films, and first appeared in "Bad Sisters." Her next picture will be "Strictly Dishonourable." This actress has made her own living since she was thirteen by fashion writing, modelling gowns for a Fifth Avenue dress shop, and advising the love-lorn through the columns of American Newspapers

prejudice in India against buying British goods.

THE thing is so simple. We are confronted with a position that is awkward, so we just pretend that that position does not exist. The *Daily Herald*, on the other hand, admits that there is a boycott, but chides Lancashire for "whining" about it, which is just about as insulting a way of describing the circumstances as one could find anywhere. We shall soon find the protests against the Cawnpore massacres being described as "whines."

ALL this is said to be prompted by "goodwill." By all means let us have goodwill, though how one can keep up goodwill indefinitely towards those Indian agitators whose hatred of Great Britain will burn malignantly for ever I cannot see. Goodwill cannot spring from mere make-belief of the Benn type, or from invariably taking it as axiomatic, as the Socialist organ does, that the Indian must be in the right and the Englishman must be in the wrong. That only increases the sense of injustice.

UNFORTUNATELY, there are those who think that it does not matter about being unjust to an Enligshman, and not all such people are supporters of the present Government. If Mr. Baldwin is not of this opinion, he did not trouble to protest against it, for he remained silent throughout that all-important debate.

ALL sorts of theatrical celebrities turned up at Covent Garden for

"Payment Deferred," at the St. James's Theatre, tells the story of a bank clerk (Charles Laughton) who murders a distant relative, speculates with the proceeds accruing from the crime, and gets rich. A prey to remorse, he seeks forgetfulness in his wife's absence in a liaison with a French dressmaker (Jeanne de Casalis) who, later, blackmails him—

—and on his wife's return, though sheltering and comforting a husband she knows guilty of murder, when learning of his infidelity she commits suicide, and the picture above shows A. S. Homewood as the doctor accusing the husband (Charles Naughton) of murdering his wife—an unfounded charge for which he is found guilty and ultimately hanged

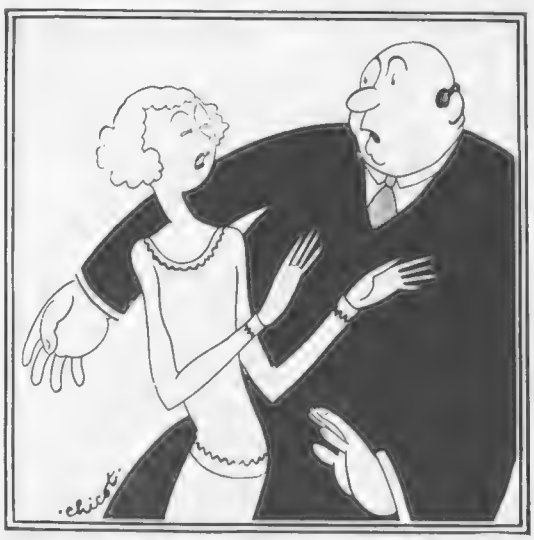
the final performance this season of *Der Rosenkavalier*—a pity we could not have heard this delicious opera more frequently. Lady (Gladys Cooper) Pearson, in ermine, was there with Mrs. Raymond Massey (Adrienne Allen); their voices are almost exactly alike. Husbands were in attendance. Somerset Maugham was, I imagine, revelling in the cynicism of Hoffmanstahl's libretto, as well as in the beauty of Strauss's music. What an interesting operatic "book" he could write!

I HEAR, by the way, that we are not likely to see published in England Elinor Mordaunt's witty burlesque of Maugham's *Cakes and Ale*, lest certain susceptibilities should be offended. This skit is called *Gin and Bitters*, and is a great success in America.

THE German season at Covent Garden is now in its last week, and in a few days the choice will lie between Russian stuff at the Lyceum and Italian stuff at the "Garden." Rosa Ponselle has already arrived, and the Verdi and Puccini enthusiasts are growing excited.

POOR Denys Finch-Hatton! His death in Kenya in an aeroplane smash has left much sadness among his friends in London, though for years London had seen but little of him. I think it was too small for him. If ever there was anyone who, in the hackneyed words of the cinema caption, fitted in with "the wide open spaces where men are men," it was Denys. He gave hints of this at school and at Oxford, where he was a personality, and an unconventional one, at an age when most youths seem to be cast in the same mould. Yet there was no pose about him. He did not stroll about, with his vast height, in clothes of bizarre cut because he wanted to create an effect, but because he was Denys Finch-Hatton.

LIKE his brother, Lord Winchilsea (the "Maisie" of those distant days), he was passionately fond of music, and would sit in an organ-loft for hours with as keen enthusiasm as he would stalk big game, at which job he was the Prince of Wales's "tutor." With it all he belonged to another age. He has been described as a Regency figure. I would put him down as being far more a mediæval knight. I could always picture Denys Finch-Hatton wielding a battle-axe at Crecy or Agincourt. And Lord, how he would have enjoyed it!



By Chicot

"Now what have I to give you for just one little kiss?"
"Chloroform!"

THE other evening I saw (as old Charlie Pond would say) a horrible sight. At the first performance of the dramatised version of Priestley's "The Good Companions" were three young men in full evening dress, each with the front of their tail-coats clipped together with a jewelled

A GERMAN BEAUTY FOR GALVERSTON, AND—

The Galverston Beauty Competition jury elected the eighteen-year-old Baroness Daisy von Freiburg of Garmisch-Pastenkrichen, the new Miss Germany 1931, and the picture shows her as the winner of the Election in Berlin

—AN ENGLISH BEAUTY IN WINCHESTER, U.S.A.

Miss Patricia Morton, of Winchester (Eng.), crowned as "Queen Shenandoah VII" before ten thousand Virginians on the annual Apple Blossom ceremony. Miss Morton, who crossed the Atlantic specially for the event, is being escorted by Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who performed the coronation ceremony

link. Whether that arbiter elegantiarum, Douglas Fairbanks, who was present, saw them and fainted from shock, I know not. But the trio attracted a good deal of adverse attention.

Why evening coats should be clipped together in front at all is a mystery; only the very worst tailors would venture to evolve such things. But gold and glittering diamonds add to the crime. This puts the double-breasted dinner-jacket well in the shade and makes the velvet collar hardly an offence at all.

By the way, a certain elderly and eminent baronet, not unconnected with Scotland and the Suez Canal, invariably wears a velvet collar o' nights. Some people can, of course, be a law unto themselves; dear old Lord Coventry used to wear a top-hat at Goodwood. But they are very few, and it is not advisable for the young idea to follow in those distinguished footsteps.

Are we, as a nation, going to the dogs? This was the subject of a debate in literary circles last week. Although by nature an optimist, I would assert, without hesitation, that any nation must be going to the dogs when, with hardly a protest, it can stand:—

1. Gandhi.
2. The present scale of taxation.
3. The present licensing regulations.
4. The fuss about "June."
5. Epstein's statue.
6. Horse traffic in busy London streets and
7. The Americanisation of everything and everybody.

By Norman Kay

"I made a ghastly slip yesterday"

"Really!"

"Yes, I can't possibly wear it"

FILM NOTES

Robert Coogan in "Skippy," a new picture at the Carlton based on the well-known American cartoons. You can't fail to notice his resemblance to his brother Jackie when he first appeared in "The Kid"

"KIKI" WITHOUT THE KICK

By Lionel Collier

Irene Delroy, an attractive recruit from Broadway to the screen, in a piquant matrimonial comedy made by Warner Brothers, "Divorce Among Friends"

EVER since Eve handed Adam the original apple, sex has been the dominant theme of the world, which proves, of course, that there is something in vegetarianism. There have been a lot of claimants since then who have taken to themselves the credit of having discovered what interested humanity most. Among them is Elinor Glyn, who taught our parents to hide books under cushions and blush when tiger-skin rugs were mentioned.

She claims to have invented "It"—the pseudonym for sex appeal. We might as well allow her the honour for this rediscovery, since she was the first to exploit "It" really successfully in literature.

ON the screen, sex—or "It," to use its more prevalent modern equivalent—has been, and is, of paramount importance, and the one salient reason why British producers fail is that they don't know how to exploit this essential.

Hence the flight of actresses like Elissa Landi, Evelyn Brent, Evelyn Laye, and others, to Hollywood, where their allure, lost by incompetence here, is brought to full maturity.

But, while "It" may be the stand-by of the film producer, there are other emotions which gain universal approbation. Mary Pickford, for instance, used to arouse in men a protective instinct, and in women a feeling that they were following the fortunes of their own daughters—another protective passion.

You probably remember her in "Daddy-Long-Legs," in which, as the poor little orphan, she excited pity and a pugnacious spirit which called on you to protect her virginal youth from assault.

That is how she made her name, and that is where her appeal lay.

THEN Mary grew up, which was inevitable, and, instead of becoming discreetly mature, she shingled her hair, thought of Elinor Glyn, and decided she had "It."

Hence, I suppose, her appearance in "Kiki" at the Regal.

Nothing more incongruous can be imagined than "little" Mary trying her hardest to be a grisette and hiding her Southern tones beneath a French accent. Which leads one to the opinion that

Mary Pickford as she appears in the title-rôle of "Kiki." "The World's Sweetheart" of yesterday fails to make much of the French coquette she plays in this film

while Eve—or Elinor Glyn—invented sex-appeal they hadn't learnt everything.

Mary Pickford manages to keep that schoolgirl figure, but it is not the figure that makes the coquette. I can see her playing the part of a mild flirt in a costume play, but when it comes to undress and diablerie she shocks one almost as much as if one's grandmother had suddenly taken to chewing tobacco.

MUCH more at home in a part of this sort would be Irene Delroy, who appears in one of the most amusing of this week's releases—"Divorce Among Friends." The title, by the way, that makes one think irresistibly of the advantages of Reno where they are apparently not only friendly but thoroughly obliging.

This newcomer to the screen, via Broadway and the Ziegfeld Follies, has "It" in abundance, and in the most delightful negligée gets into the most awkward of innocent misunderstandings. Which reminds me that Clara Bow, whom America has put forward as the one and original possessors of sex-plus, and who recently suffered a serious breakdown, owing, so I am told, to her secretary's indiscreet publication of her letters, is very far from hors de combat.

The rumour is that the Women's League of America, or some similarly titled parcel of busybodies, decided that the appearance of Clara Bow after the revelations in intimate letters, was not conducive to moral uplift. Luckily, the directors of Famous Lasky think otherwise, and, despite this awesome American Grundy, have decided to star her again when she has recovered.

A CONCRETE example of the lack of allure in the method of presenting most of our English artists is apparent in the new British farce, "Let's Love and Laugh." Here, Muriel Angelus is the heroine in a rôle which definitely lends itself to the exploitation of feminine attraction. But, like many a more famous actress, she gets rather a poor break. Certainly, she appears once in undies—presumably a daring touch this—but otherwise neither the camera nor the director seem to have made the most of her. It is unfortunate her singing voice also records poorly.

Still, if we can't love, at least we can laugh, for this picture introduces Gene Gerrard in his first talkie rôle, and he scores a personal triumph. Material is thin and development on the slow side, but through it all one is entertained by this individualistic comedian, who once upon a time used to be a trap drummer in George Mozart's music-hall skit on a provincial town band.

He has an ideal recording voice which comes over distinctly and pleasantly, and his personality survives the ordeal of the camera. The majority of stage comedians are inclined to over-emphasise their farcical expressions and actions when playing for the screen, but Gene Gerrard's natural gestures are admirably suited to the film.

WHY, in a British production, they should talk of dollars and introduce American policemen it is hard to fathom. I suppose the idea is that it will appeal more strongly in America. But seeing the whole thing is entirely British in character, I should imagine that Americans would laugh as heartily at our idea of how they behave as we do at their efforts of reproducing an English atmosphere.

However, there is a good deal of fun and not a little spice in the picture, and it has a slickness of action and direction which is not always too apparent in home products. There are some bright lines, too, in the dialogue. I liked the one about the man who had been married so often that wedding bells sounded like an alarum clock to him.

Muriel Angelus, "the widow," casts away discretion—and her dress—and tells her husband, Gene Gerrard, believed to be drowned, a few home truths! A scene in B.I.P.'s latest film, "Let's Love and Laugh"

George Gee, the detective, was looking forward to his stolen chicken leg, but fate, in the person of the husband, Gene Gerrard, decreed otherwise in "Let's Love and Laugh"

AMERICANS IN PARIS

EAGER to find a solution to international economic problems, appreciating the ever-increasing task of finding fresh amusement to while away the time of those in receipt of Mr. Snowden's bounty, assured that the future of *woman* is bound up with an unfailing supply of *love-interest* and more *love-interest*, we feel that the one panacea to these troubles is to *give the world more Garbo*. Accordingly, our special staff were instructed to compile a new scenario for her. It is based, of course, on her latest film, "Inspiration," for it is one of the first principles of Hollywood that nothing succeeds like repetition. The scenario has been cabled to Miss Garbo—full rates, 1*s*. 4*d*. per word—and in the confidence of her accepting the main rôle we give a synopsis of it here.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

WE have started our first scene in Paris, high up in the Eiffel Tower, where Bohemian-Americans gather to meet their comrades from overseas and exchange their views on art, life and letters. Already the present discussion has been going on for some days. And nights. Champagne flows. Some of the Bohemian-Americans have been washed away. New arrivals are finding their feet. But with difficulty. All Paris is there and the Ritz is deserted. The Ritz Bar, however, has been in wireless communication with the Tower, and is hoping to get back some of the survivors shortly. Meanwhile, beautiful women mingle with famous men. (Producer's Note: As it is quite an informal party the men need not wear top hats or morning coats, though Mr. Lewis Stone might slip on a white tie just to give the right social note.)

BY INDER BURNS

LORRY DRIVER: "Nah, then! Step on yer gas, Blue Bird!"

A NUMBER of the beautiful women and famous men have fallen asleep in unconventional attitudes, but conversation is still maintained at a high level because as fast as one group falls asleep another wakes up to replace it. One woman, whose absent-minded habit of alternately undressing and dressing causes some concern among the less Bohemian guests, is supposed to be a demi-mondaine. (Producer's Note: Provincial audiences need not suspect this.) When she is dressed she talks in epigrams, when she is not she has a pekingese which she feeds with champagne and caviare. (Producer's Note: Pekingese which she feeds with chamous Society; subtle sop to Socialists and so probably sell film in Russia.)

SUDDENLY, the door opens, and in comes Greta Garbo. Everybody in Paris knows she has been the inspiration of all the foremost artists, writers, sculptors, poets, composers, and all that crowd for years. All, that is, except Pérégrin. (Producer's Note: For God's sake get the pronunciation right; though later she calls him Perrier.) Pérégrin thinks her *poor*, and all the other things that go with a *poor girl*. She thinks so, too, but long years of American Banks, American plumbing and American drinks have made her forget. She thinks that Pérégrin will know all and forget, too, but she reckons without *Lulu*. Lulu does not like Greta. Every time Greta finds a new young man Lulu mislays one. Women will stand for a great deal, but they won't stand that, as the Lady with Pekingese hastily explains. As Greta and Pérégrin are about to go to his flat in order to get a better view of the Dawn, Lulu lets fly.

"HA!" she cries, and all turn at her voice. "You think you can get away with that kid, do you? Well, you shan't. I'll tell him something. Ask her where her fine clothes come from? Ask her who put h. and c. in her flat? Ask why she dines alone with gentlemen every night of the week, including Sundays? Ask her, ask her, ask her why Charlie Chaplin went to Juan-les-Pins instead of Brighton?" Lulu stands back, the company stand aghast.

"I can egsblain awl," sobs Greta, and she and Pérégrin leave the party amidst uproar.

IN Scene II we have Greta and Pérégrin alone in his flat just as he is saying: "Of course, a girl's got to have experience like other people, but what I don't understand is why, when you'd inspired one artist, you had to include the whole Paris Salon."

"I dell you," she answers. "Ebery dime an Amerigan gomes to Paris some nice French girl leave home."

Pérégrin looks worried. "You mean you've been leaving home in order to save the French girls?"

"Zes," sighs Greta. "But I lorff you and I never leave home again egscept for you."

"No, no," declines Pérégrin. "I am not worthy of the great sacrifices you have made on behalf of the American nation. I, too, must go and do my bit." And he does.

IN the following scenes we attempt to show Greta's anguish. She gives up all her old friends on the Eiffel Tower in her search of Pérégrin. The Ritz Bar is closed for ten minutes as a token of sympathy. With her last franc she boards a tram for the Louvre. The first person she sees is Pérégrin. He is surrounded by four hundred French girls.

"Who are dese?" she asks, not without surprise.

"You told me," replied Pérégrin, deeply moved at seeing her again, "you told me of your work to keep French girls safe for France. Well, I, too, have done my best to keep them safe. But now, my work is done, to-morrow they all marry."

"Den, now, my lorff, we go away together, all alone, zes?" she asks gladly. But Pérégrin shakes his head, and, much as we would like to end the film happily, Miss Garbo's public will not permit it.

"No," Pérégrin says, "to-morrow I am going away for a long, long rest. It is no easy task keeping French girls at home."

RICHARD VINER.

"I hope you are not the sort of man who goes home and finds fault with the dinner."

"No; my wife and I always dine in a restaurant where we can *both* find fault.'

* * *

A WOMAN weighing 300 lb. recently charged her husband with cruelty. He had exchanged the family model saloon for a Baby Austin.

THE RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.

An intimate study of the Leader of the Conservative Party by Will Owen

The Old Grand Stand
EPSOM 1836

The old *Grand Stand* is no more: the Derby is no longer run on a *Thursday*. But every *June* the thoughts of the *British* people turn to Epsom, and to-day *Guinness* is an even greater national institution than in *Bay Middleton's* year. *Time* has proved, & is proving, the supreme *Value* of *Guinness* as a wholesome, strengthening & refreshing *Beverage*

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.162.

G.P.A.

"EVE"

A camera study of the brilliant young contortionist whose snake-like evolutions have thrilled audiences in "Ever Green," C. B. Cochran's wonderfully successful show at the Adelphi. She was formerly in C.B.C's ill-fated "1931 Revue" at the London Pavilion

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT RE

A dress rehearsal for the benefit of the wives and families of those taking part being given by the 14/20th Hussars on Houn
They are seen giving an exhibition of Cossack Riding, standing up in stirrups crossed over the saddle, and of horses an

NT REHEARSAL ON HOUNSLOW HEATH

rs on Hounslow Heath preparatory to the Royal Tournament at Olympia, which will be opened by his Majesty to-morrow, May 28. of horses and riders jumping through paper hoops.—[Drawn for "The Bystander" by our Special Artist, Gilbert Holiday.]

Janet Jevons

FRANCES DOBLE

Who recently made her first stage appearance since her marriage in 1929, when she appeared in the cast of "The Old Man," Edgar Wallace's new play at Wyndham's Theatre. She is the wife of Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, who succeeded to the Baronetcy on the death of his grandfather in 1923

Why be vague? Ask for—

Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

Don't say "Whisky & Soda," *say* "WHISKY & Schweppe"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

LOST

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME

ALOIS'S room was made out of pine-wood, and looked straight into blue air. You could see many other mountains from the mountain meadow on which he lived. The Hohe Mund towered up behind it like a crouching stone beast; the Hoch Edeer faced it, eleven thousand feet high, and drew tightly up to its very crest a cloak of green. Its lower slopes were intricately embroidered with pines and larches and broken by gorges of purple air or by the sudden white lace of waterfalls. The Calk mountains stood at one end of the valley, a great range of bare and jagged peaks, biting their way into the sky and taking all the colour the sun cared to give them.

But Alois seldom wished to look at mountains. What he liked best was to peer down from his window, or over the edge of the meadow, to the valley floor, three thousand feet below him. Little shining villages were scattered about on it with tall church towers; a silver river wound through it to unknown lands. Napoleon's smooth white road stretched straight as a ruler between an avenue of poplars, which marched on either side of it like soldiers off to the wars.

There was even a whole town, set in little squares and made out of red brick. Alois would have liked to pick up the houses and move them about, and he longed to march, like the tall poplars, along Napoleon's road.

At night the town and all the little villages twinkled, till Alois had two heavens full of stars, one above his head and one beneath his feet.

Alois dreamed that when he was a man he would go down into the valley and follow the silver river to the ends of the earth. He would visit the sparkling cities, and perhaps build one for himself on the smooth green floor.

When Alois's father went down into the valley he only took cows or calves with him. If he sold them well he came up drunk, and if he sold them badly he came up sober. If he was drunk he beat his wife and children, but if he was sober he beat them all the same.

It was strange that Alois had so many dreams, for neither his father nor mother were dreamers.

They were unusually well-off peasants, who kept a flourishing inn and had thirteen cows. They had a child, too, every year—so many that Herr Heiss often grumbled that he couldn't get his own nose into his plate; but he admitted that the boys might be useful later on.

Alois was the eldest of ten, and a good deal was expected of him even now. He had to wake, wash and dress all but the last two babies, and give them their breakfast before school. He had to help milk the cows, look after the sheep, feed pigs, do his schoolwork, chop wood, run errands for his mother, and help put the children to bed at night.

You could not call him a lazy child; and he was so willing and had such a smiling face that all the neighbours loved him—and very often gave him their errands to run as well.

His father and mother loved him, too, but not particularly, because they had no time to love anyone particularly; and his father thrashed Alois quite as often as he thrashed the others.

But his mother noticed that Alois was not quite like the other children, because he never tortured nor hurt wild things, nor did he fly into tempers and roar, nor steal food behind her back.

Sometimes his unusual conduct disturbed her a little; she thought it better for a child to be like everybody else. She herself had always been as nearly like everybody else as possible, only a little worse-tempered and rougher-tongued, because she had the inn to manage as well as the children and her own house. Having a baby every year and going to bed for three whole days for it, were the only quiet times Frau Heiss had ever had. She would say sometimes, a little uneasily, to a neighbour: "I don't know what to make of my boy Alois. You might say he was like the Christ-child: never a rough word on his lips, and always ready to help Babe or Bantling! If he wasn't so stout and well I should think it was the consumption. But drink and rheumatism is all either of our families have ever had wrong with them, thank God! and perhaps he'll out-grow his soft ways in time." Then she would dash out of the yard, to whack a cow or shout at a child, and let her uneasiness drop.

STILL she couldn't altogether get rid of it, because a Christ-child would hardly possess thirteen cows, an inn, and more than his share of meadowland in Flauerling, which was what she hoped for Alois.

The village priest said to himself: "Surely this is a child of God, sent to comfort me in my old age." And he told Alois more about God and the saints than he told all the other children in Flauerling put together.

Alois believed everything the priest told him, and fitted God and the saints into his dreams as if they were made on purpose for them. The priest said Alois must obey his parents, love his neighbours, go to church regularly, and all would be well with him. None of these were out-of-the-way tasks for Alois. He had not much option about obeying his parents; they would have thrashed him well if he hadn't. It was easy to love his neighbours, because they loved him already; and to go to church regularly was nothing but a pleasure.

Alois loved to think about angels, the Virgin Mary, and the child Jesus, who was a little different from God, but not very much; and he thought the Holy Ghost, brooding over the face of the waters, must be very like a group of larches, which, in the spring, hung poised above the valley with plumage like a bird's, as if they were about to fly down the mountain side; only, like the Holy Ghost, they didn't fly, they just hung there, brooding.

When Alois dressed and undressed his little brothers and sisters, he would sometimes pretend to himself that he was the Virgin Mary and they were Christ-children—though they rarely behaved as such.

Although Alois was such a dreamer, he was familiar with the main facts of life, and accepted them without any great difficulty. He knew how children were born, how men beat their wives, and very often why. All sorts of sordid things, which happen in little mountain villages, took place before his wondering eyes. He knew them, but he did not stay with them; he escaped into his dreams.

"Such things do not concern you," the priest would say reassuringly; "they come from the Devil. But God made the world, and it is good." And then he told Alois that not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without the care of his Heavenly Father, and made him learn by heart the parable of the Good Shepherd.

(All rights strictly reserved.)

Sometimes Alois had an uncomfortable feeling because he knew that sparrows did fall uncared for to the ground, and that lost sheep were not always found. When he ventured to lay these facts before the priest, the priest said: "You can't expect to understand everything at your age!"

"Beasts are good and men hurt them," Alois thought to himself, "but if *men* are good, God will not hurt them!" And he repeated this cheerful axiom to the priest, who agreed with him, but to Alois's surprise, not very readily.

ON All Souls' Day everyone in Flauerling went to church in the morning, and afterwards in a procession to the cemetery to lay flowers on their lost ones' graves.

The priest went with them carrying the host, and Alois, dressed in a scarlet cassock and short white cotta, walked in front of the priest, waving a thurible.

The crocuses were out; tall and pale lavender, they thronged the meadows before the first snows fell. The larches had already burned themselves away till only the ghosts of them were left. But the slim birches had kept their leaves, and changed them to bright gold.

Alois could not see the candles burning on the graves, because of the sunshine. He thought that the dead souls were like the little flames of the candles, burning there in the very presence of their dear ones, as if love, like light, made them invisible.

After the service the village housewives went home to see to their dinners, but everyone else stood about in the street with their best clothes on, because it was such a great Feast Day, and no one needed to work. Only the animals had to be attended to as usual.

After Alois had given the children their wonderful Feast-Day dumplings with bacon in them, and roasted apples with hot honey sauce, his father said to him: "Hohe Mund has a nightcap on. There will be snow falling in an hour or two. Go up to the Alpe and bring back the sheep. Mind you, if you dare come back till you've found them all—if there's so much as that cursed little black lamb, which dropped out of season, missing, I'll beat the flesh in strips off your bones!"

His father seldom spoke much more pleasantly than that, so Alois set off undisturbed, whistling gaily, with a stick in his hand.

The sun still shone a little to the left of the Hohe Mund, but it had a strange, sickly, staring look, and pale, ragged clouds streamed away from it in all directions.

The valley was covered by a harsh, cruel light, as if a curse had suddenly been laid on it, which dulled the smooth, green floor, and made it look shrivelled and broken by coarse wrinkles.

Alois's way lay through pine woods. Sometimes between their bare stems he could look straight into his beloved valley and see the river gliding away into the staring sun. The woods were dark and sodden, and very still. Not a squirrel dashed up a tree-trunk nor a bird called. The trees seemed waiting for something unwelcome which they knew would come.

Half-way through the woods Alois came to a break in the trees where there was a small lake called "the Buchen Pool." After sunset people were afraid to go near this pool, for once three drunken youths had offered to walk across it for a bet, and none was seen alive again.

Alois gave a hasty glance at its unruffled darkness, and hurried past the Buchen pool and out on to the open slopes of the meadows.

THERE was no place in his world which Alois loved more than the Buchen meadows. They stretched away, so wide and so open, covered with silver birches! He could find the first snow-rose there and the last crocus. Close above their slopes towered the Hohe Mund, whose heavy head was now plunged deep in cloud, and, sheer below the meadows, shone Napoleon's white road. It looked as if Alois could have dropped a pebble into it.

A shrill wind blew from the North, and the silver birches stripped themselves in it of all their golden leaves. The air was filled with the rapid chattering of their last flight.

Alois stood among the slender, shaken trees, and called to his sheep. "Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" His high voice ran along the wind and was blown back into his face again.

Then he listened, as still as any stone, for their answering bells. It would be quite easy to distinguish the sound, for the cows were already in their stable, and only his father's sheep had the right to graze in the land above the Buchen meadows.

The sun sank with a sudden plunge behind the Hohe Mund, and took with him all but the palest light. Snow began to fall very slowly in great flakes, travelling uncertainly in the hurrying air. The wind rushed out with sudden howls and shrieks of rage from the side of the mountain, as if it were chained to the Hohe Mund, and could only run, to and fro like an angry dog, the length of its chain. The torn leaves mingled with the snowflakes, and from the valley came the deep sound of the church bells.

Alois knew them all; the biggest and deepest came from the town, but each scattered village had its separate voice.

For a long time Alois could hear nothing but the roar of the wind, the chattering of the flying leaves, and the deep undertone of the valley bells. But he was so accustomed to silence that his hearing was marvellously keen; first, he separated in his mind all the different bells, and then through their many voices, faint in the roar of the wind, at last he heard the far-away tinkling of his own sheep-bells. With a heart filled with joy and relief, he bounded off through the fast fading light in the direction of the sound.

"They will be all together," he thought, "and I can lead them home before the wind falls and the snow grows thick!"

But when he reached the meadow where the sheep were still trying to graze, he could not find them all. The sheep knew his voice and hurried to meet him, but he could only count ten where there should be twelve. The little black lamb and its mother were missing!

The wind dropped like a stone. The snow began to fall faster and thicker; even silence seemed buried by it—buried as deep as sound.

"Without a sound he slipped from his father's clutch on to the snow, and the darkness swallowed him"

ALOIS hurried to the edge of the pinewoods and called and called, with all his anxious heart in his voice, but no friendly tinkling came back to him through the muffled air. He remembered the parable of the Good Shepherd, who left his safe sheep to find the one that was lost, and drove the ten sheep quickly after him into the woods to make a pen of fallen boughs to fold them in.

It was so dark when he had finished that he began to be afraid he would never find the black lamb and its mother. But he struggled on, calling and listening, calling and listening. The snow blinded his eyes and filled his mouth. He ran back to the Buchen meadows, where there was still a little light, and the wind still moaned. The leaves tore past him as if they were trying to get back on to the trees again. He went close to the mountain, where the wind roared at him in sudden gusts of passionate anger, as if Alois were its bitter enemy. There was no other sound. He beat his way back slowly to the windless quiet of the woods.

At last he heard a faint tinkling from where he thought the Buchen pool must lie. Alois couldn't help wondering if it was a real tinkling or just a false sound, to lure him to the pool's edge, to within reach of the dead men's arms. But he reminded himself that it was All Souls' Day, and the dead had flowers on their graves. They would hardly, he thought, play him such a dirty trick when he had filled the air with incense for them. So he pushed bravely through the trees in the direction of the sound, and there he found the sheep close to the pool. The mother had neither been able to leave her lamb nor carry it, so she had pressed her poor woolly back against him to protect him from the north wind, and just waited patiently.

Alois felt very much like the Good Shepherd as he wrapped his old cloak about the lamb and felt it snuggle its cold nose into his neck and bleat for joy, while the mother plodded faithfully along at his heels.

He could guess by the sound of the valley bells whereabouts he was, but it was more difficult to know where to find his sheep. He fought against the snow, fell among roots of trees and barked his shins against their trunks—but all the time he clutched the black lamb close.

His head felt heavy and confused, and he thought that the souls of the dead were jostling each other along the pathways of the air. They pushed against him as they passed, and were as cold as ice.

At last he heard, far away, the bleating of his penned-in sheep, and after that it was an easy matter to find them. But it was not so easy to take them home once they had been found! The snow had fallen so thickly by now that Alois could not feel his way back to the path; all the wood was packed with snow, and all the air was full of it.

The bells in the valley had stopped ringing and there was no sound but the heavy breathing of his struggling sheep and the anxious tinkling of their bells.

Alois plunged first this way and then that. The black lamb in his arms weighed like a stone. He wondered if the Good Shepherd had ever put the lost sheep down.

ALOIS was not sure whether hours or minutes dragged at him while he tried in vain to find the path. It seemed to him as if the sheep began to bleat reproachfully, as if they thought he was nothing but a hireling shepherd after all.

Only the old mother trusted him, plodding along close to his heels, because he carried her lamb.

When he had given up all hope and was just drowsily pushing on through the pine stems, to keep from falling, he stopped suddenly, for he knew by the firm feel under his feet that the path was found! Hope burned in him then, but his strength was failing; he had to use all there was to keep on calling and encouraging his poor sheep. For if it was hard for him to lift his long legs through the snow,

(Continued on page 458)

FASHION INFLUENCES By Blanche B. Elliott

FREQUENTLY in these seemingly frivolous pages, I have launched serious suggestions and criticisms against certain manufacturing methods and prejudices prevalent in England in the fashion and dress trade. Occasionally these have been resented as being of a too critical nature. Yet it seems that if we are ever to regain lost markets we must not only be prepared to accept criticism, but to welcome it if of a valuable and helpful nature. What I have always endeavoured to do is to let in a little light on what the leaders in the world of dress are creating in order to guide not only the woman of fashion, but those interested in dress production in this country. Were we always successful, I would be the first to proclaim it from the house-tops; but when such is not the case it is as much my duty, as a faithful fashion chronicler, to infer the same as gently as I may.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph by Scaioni, Paris*

Nothing could be more trimly attractive than this tailored coat dress for a summer's rainy day in Town. With slightly flared skirt and belted, it fastens on one side to leave a loose draping end *Model Jean Patou*

I HAVE just seen an article, written by an Englishman working in a big Paris house, which is so true that the paper in England that requested it dare not publish it. "It might offend influential people." Why? Because of its truth? Apparently we cannot bear to hear what is common talk on the Continent and elsewhere; that is wherein we fail and the immense difficulty of getting from us what other people want. It has taken the voice of the Prince to proclaim it loudly enough for these dull ears, untrained to criticism, to hear. People no longer want things to last a long time, but their tastes change "as quickly as women's fickle fashions," said the Prince.

THE attitude of resentment towards novelty has often been referred to here. Because *we* make a certain article a certain way does *not* automatically make that article a world success. It is tiresome—but there it is. Whether for good or ill, modern life consists of a constant scrapping of the old for the new, and if we are to keep our place in the mad skelter we must enter the race properly equipped with an alert mind. Objections are often raised to frequent changes in styles. Do they wish us to remain dressed the same year in, year out? Where would half the trade go to? Where *has* it gone to, by the way, in the case of silks and cottons? It is one thing to produce bales of cotton to provide loin-cloths for the naked Indian—who then turns to bite the hand that clothes him; another to produce the finer makes to dress the fashionable fair the world over.

AND so we come to the importance of studying Paris styles, which is my particular and pleasant task. And I must here reply to the dear deluded people who write and ask why I *encourage* the wearing of long skirts which sweep up the dust and dirt and shackle and encumber women! And this, after all I have said in favour of *trousers*! Isn't it *too* hard? Dear sir (for it *is* always a man. They always *do* misjudge a weak woman so!), skirts do *not* sweep the dust and dirt, because they are *only* worn long in the evenings, and, with all the electric cleaners about, floors should not really be so dusty as all that!

FOR dancing skirts are *off* the ground; but if a woman likes to trail about in a picturesque train in her own or someone else's drawing-room, and it gives her any pleasure, why, I don't think it is nearly so bad as smoking a pipe in a crowded railway carriage. So there's room in the world for us all, isn't there? In the day, believe me, skirts remain short, but not indecently so, my dear, but not-well-informed, sir.

THE entente cordiale between the London/Paris fashions got another boost-up in the dress show that Irène Dana gave at the May Fair Hotel last week, which was her first. One new to me was in a sprigged organdie muslin (cotton manufacturers, please note) which caused quite a murmur of approval from

(Continued on page 450)

ANNA MAY WONG

The attractive little Chinese film star who is now in Hollywood. It is reported that she is to star in a new picture with Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese film actor, who is returning to America after an absence of ten years

Paul Tanqueray

FASHION INFLUENCES (continued from page 448)

A pyjama du soir in black crêpe with full, deceptive skirt front, and short, wide-sleeved coat with black fox collar *Photograph by Scaioni, Paris* *Model Worth*

those present. It was so delightfully cool, fresh and crisp, with shaped baby frills turning upwards round the skirt, and short sleeves. Another new idea I saw at a smart West End dressmaker's was a white organdie stranded with silver thread, bound round the hem with narrow velvet, which stood out in billowy, undulating waves which was *too* attractive. With it was worn a little black velvet jacket with a straight cape back. It crossed in front to fasten at the back, where it just snapped off and proved itself no more than an intriguingly shaped scarf.

THE fact that more and more French dressmakers are coming over means that London is becoming important as a dress centre. We should welcome them, therefore, and note the way they use their materials, and, if possible, ours. English workrooms can produce just as much as they can ever use—and now they are knocking at our very doors. It is an opportunity not to miss.

THE pyjama frock has been worn in London at last. Kind of burst upon an expectant world, though they have been worn at intimate parties in Paris and far more frankly in New York. They are best kept subtle and intriguing in character, which makes them look like skirts, so that when we do wear a skirt which has a pleat in front, *looking* like a pyjama and isn't, we have the laugh on the people who are just longing to be shocked by their advent!

THE skirt that opens like a pyjama in front and is cut like a skirt at the back is popular, as it just gives the necessary "kick" to life and makes one feel one of the dashing moderns. Suzanne Talbot showed one of the nicest specimens I have seen in a white lace with a lace coatee and a gleaming silver sleeveless lamé body. She makes her pyjamas by placing one fold flat on the top of the other at the division in front so that they are positively voluminous and skirty. But preserve me from having to cut one out on a pattern! I can only talk about it.

WISE women will have noticed a new feeling that is apparent in our evening dresses. This was first expressed tentatively in the cocktail frock shown by Lelong and Patou a season ago, and was meant to carry one through the difficult period from tea to dinner, right on through to the informal restaurant party. Such frocks have a more tailored note, and satin or crêpe marocain are their best media of expression. It is the type of frock that Englishwomen will probably take longest to adopt, yet it is one that will suit their practical type best.

UNFORTUNATELY, many women think evening things should always be fluffy, drapey, or diaphanous, irrespective of their own type, when actually a severe style will suit the clean, athletic, or the Junoesque style far better. These frocks are made with a décolleté bodice, and worn with a cape coat of short or three-quarter length. The pyjama du soir often falls into this new dress category.

THE Colonial Exhibition in Paris is predicted to have a great influence on fashions, and we must prepare to be startled next autumn. Besides, we haven't had a real thrill for some months. I shall therefore sneak in early to have one of the first glimpses —I must modestly add, as usual!

LUCKY STAR OF WARE

Mr. S. H. Lloyd's famous Cocker Spaniel, who has twice proved best in all breeds at Cruft's, specially drawn for The Bystander *by Miss A. R. Mackinnon. At the Ladies' Kennel Association Show at Olympia recently The Duke of Gloucester presented to Mr. Lloyd two cups won by Lucky Star in recognition of his numerous successes at shows all over the country during the past year*

The BYSTANDER'S Fifth List of DEBUTANTES

Dudley Glanfield

MISS JOCELYN WINGFIELD

An attractive Irish debutante. She is the only child of Colonel the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Wingfield, and a niece of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt

L.N.A.

PRINCESS MARIE TEKUHURANGI MAWHETE

The first Maori princess to make her curtsey to Their Majesties. She was presented at the First Court by Lady Wilford, the wife of the High Commissioner for New Zealand

Hay Wrightson

MISS ELIZABETH FITZROY

Who is among those to be presented at Court this year. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Duncombe FitzRoy

Bassano

MISS MARGARET LANE-FOX

The daughter of Colonel the Rt. Hon. George Lane-Fox, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Lane-Fox. She was presented by her mother at the Court which was held on May 19

Lenare

MISS PRIMROSE GORDON

The daughter of Mrs. Charles Gordon, of Beveridge Park, Salisbury and Belgrave Square, S.W. She was presented by her mother at the first Court

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE—No. 3

SIR HENRY TOOMBS

By

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

DECORATIONS BY W. DE GROOT

SIR HENRY TOOMBS, Grand Old Man of British burglary, sipped his liqueur brandy and listened with a faint sardonic smile to the chaff of his fellow-members. Every evening in the smoking-room of the Mausoleum Club some of the most distinguished men in England—scientists, authors, bishops, artists, even actor-managers—gather to chaff each other after dinner. This evening a celebrated dean was causing roars of laughter by suggesting to the tall, dignified, silver-haired, fine-featured old man in the armchair by the fire that he would find it difficult to crack a crib nowadays with the ease and mastery of his youth.

Sir Henry's long white sensitive fingers, like the fingers of a pianist, which had so deftly opened so many safes and secret drawers and cabinets during the Victorian and Edwardian eras, played delicately with his glass. He had not practised his craft since about the Curzon Street affair in 1908, when his getting away with a service of plate of surpassing hideousness, the gift of a Very High Personage to a political Peer, had earned him his baronetcy. During his retirement he had taken a few pupils, carefully selected from the best English families, but his theories were held to be too academic and many of the younger men were beginning to sneer at him.

"*You* crack a crib? In my hat!" cried the dean, laughing.

"Crib hell," said an ex-Chancellor, lighting a cigar. "Toombs couldn't crack a hard-boiled egg."

"What about Popsy?" boomed a distinguished author with thick snowy locks.

Sir Henry winced slightly. The case of Lady "Popsy" Wintringham, now serving a light sentence, was one he did not care to discuss. She had been one of his favourite and most apt pupils, and he had somehow omitted to warn her, before her attempt on the town house of Sir Nathan McTosh, that most of the objects of value in that mansion might be discovered to be firmly attached to the walls. He finished his brandy and rose.

"All right, boys," he said. "We shall see."

"Says you!" shouted the dean playfully amid universal cheers and laughter. Sir Henry Toombs went slowly out of the club and took a taxi to his house in Mayfair. In his cosy library a log-fire awaited him, with a tray of sandwiches, whisky, and his favourite armchair. But he was in no mood for reading. Frowning, he pressed the bell. His valet appeared.

"Get me my kit."

"Very good, Sir Henry." The man disappeared, to return within a few minutes with a plain, serviceable, monogrammed black-leather wallet. Sir Henry lit a cigarette and opened it. All the old craftsman's favourite tools were there, made for him specially in Sheffield; the jemmies, the picklocks, the braces, the bits, the skeleton keys. He stood for a moment in meditation, then closed the wallet, poured himself a small whisky and soda, and summoned his man again.

"I am going out."

"Very good, Sir Henry."

"You can lock the front door and go to bed."

"Very good, Sir Henry."

The old man dismissed him, and going slowly to a cabinet opened a drawer and took out a folded black silk mask. Frowning, he returned to the mirror.

"*Through the holes of the black silk mask his fine old eyes gleamed indomitable as ever*"

THE clocks of Mayfair were striking two as Sir Henry Toombs, Grand Old Man and doyen of British cracksmanship, the last of the Victorian School, sat back on his heels in the rays of his dark lantern and stifled an oath. He was not so young as he had imagined. These new-fangled modern safes, too. . . . Damn it! He straightened his back, bit his lip, and turned once more to his task. Through the holes of the black silk mask his fine old eyes gleamed indomitable as ever. He paused to select a new brace-and-bit from his wallet. As he bent over it the room was suddenly flooded with bright light.

"Well, well, well," said a voice.

Sir Henry looked round and saw a youngish man and a young woman standing in the doorway. Both were in evening clothes. The man was dark, slim, and sardonic, the girl very trim and beautiful.

"Just like the Forsyte Saga," she said, giggling.

"I beg——" began Sir Henry stiffly.

"Not a word," said the young man. He walked across to the safe and put up an eyeglass. Leisurely scrutinising the wallet, he pushed it aside with his foot and examined Sir Henry's work on the safe door.

"H'm," he said. "Sylvia, what d'you think?"

The girl went across and looked.

"Whose dear old-fashioned needlework is it, anyway?" she said.

"Allow me," said Sir Henry coldly, removing his mask and rising,

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE (continued)

"to introduce myself. My name is Toombs. You don't think much of my work, I perceive."

The young man coughed.

"Very excellent, sir, but it—it *dates*, don't you think?" Sir Henry looked at the girl. She smiled at him charmingly.

"You mustn't mind what I said about needlework," she said. "We've got all the new modern stuff, oxy-acetylene and high-tension, and all that, but we haven't got your marvellous technique, Sir Henry."

"Thanks," said the old baronet grimly.

"How did you get to hear of this crib, sir?" asked the young man.

"Usual sources."

"You didn't, of course, know we were also in the profession?"

"'I think,' said Sylvia pensively, 'I shall definitely have to adopt that old darling'"

"I should never have humiliated myself in this manner had I known," answered Sir Henry, smiling.

The girl looked at him.

"You're a darling," she said. "D'you know Solly Macintyre's place near Leatherhead?"

Sir Henry nodded.

"I'm cracking it next Thursday night. Will you come? It *would* be fun! Don't think I want to show off. It might amuse you."

"We doddering academicians," said Sir Henry gracefully, "can always learn from you young rebels."

"You'd better dine with us on Thursday, sir," said the young man, lighting a cigarette, "and Sylvia can show you a few of our newest gadgets. She's got a tricky little blow-pipe that melts the best steel like butter."

"I shall be delighted," said the baronet.

"We're not craftsmen like you," said the young man; "we're only skilled mechanics. We haven't your genius. We could never have pulled off the Polkinghorne Vase or the Ashbury Plate."

"That's all over," said Sir Henry, smiling.

"Who knows?" said the young man. "Look at this sudden new vogue of Elgar."

With a graceful, deprecating shrug Sir Henry picked up his wallet and turned to go.

"Thursday at eight," said the girl.

"It has been a delight and a privilege," said Sir Henry with Victorian courtesy, "to meet you in your charming home and to ——"

"That reminds me," said the young man. "Our address is 89B, Windermere Court, South Kensington."

Sir Henry's eyebrows expressed surprise, comprehension, and cynical amusement.

"Ah! I understand. Then I won't hinder you. Good-night."

He went, smiling.

"I think," said Sylvia pensively, half an hour later, as they finished packing the safe's contents in the back of their high-powered car, "I shall definitely have to adopt that old darling."

"He's pinched my watch," said the young man. "Talk about technique——!"

D. B. W. L.

PARIS GOSSIP

PARISIANS

The contest for the Presidency of the French Republic featured by

On Presidential Election Day some universal confidence in the weather allowed tables and tables to be set out in the gardens of the Trianon-Palace Hotel and the Hotel des Réservoirs. It was rather like lunching in a Continental train; there were first and second "services," and rival menus to allow people time to be seated in the Palace by the time Paul Doumer tinkled a little bell. The morning was beautiful and the men suffered. Just why men have to wear top hats and stuffy black clothes while their women companions are cool and chic in every suitable day-time spring costume, from shantung tailleurs to afternoon imprimées, is a mystery, but the key to the mystery shows that Paris was made for women. No one yet has evolved a proper summer afternoon costume for men, poor things.

At the Trianon Alexandre Millerand, Paul Painlevé, Philippe Berthelot, and the Danish and Portuguese diplomats had tables, so had Moro-Gaffieri, the Corsican barrister, Albert Willemetz, the comic opera composer, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, André Citroën, Dr. Voronoff, and Sacha Guitry. At the Réservoirs the American and Danish Ambassadors had parties, as had Henri de

The World's International Dance Championship won by an English couple. In Paris last week Mr. Alfred Milner and Miss Norma Cave (the two centre figures above) won the World's Championship for Ballroom Dancing. They have a school at 69, Wigmore St., W. On the left is Mr. W. H. Heath, holder of the World's Amateur Dance Championship, and on the right Miss Gwen Silvester, a well-known professional dancer

Out of Doors — By Sylvia Lyon

Parisian artist, A. Galland

Tout Paris is lunching out of doors now, at Armenonville before the races, and in Laurent's secluded garden in the Champs-Elysées, listening to the fountains. Tout Paris is lunching out of doors at Fouquet, the tables almost spreading to the curbing of the Avenue Georges V. Paris is reviving the first years of the century: there was another Exhibition in 1900.

THE Zoological Park at the Colonial Exhibition is so patronised by grown-ups that the gaily painted little train that makes the circuit of the Bois de Vincennes will have to fold up its tracks and move silently away, the perfect solution of the traffic problem as far as pedestrians are concerned. A great deal has been happening at the Zoo: a lion fell into the moat, the only barrier from the public, and had to be fished out. Crowds stood entranced watching an elephant bathe her child, reminding me of a song which began with the phrase, "Go wash an elephant, if you want to do something BIG!" A precocious baby lion was involved in a brawl, and raised such interest that the Zoo had to be closed, which must make Mr. Jeff Dickson, the prize-fight promoter, rather jealous. The next excitement at the Exhibition was the fire at the Madagascar pavilion. Officials claim the fire was caused by the bursting of a tube of oxygen (attached to a speech-maker), but, as a feature of the pavilion is the bar, I think some of the native drink exploded.

Sasha

Mlle. Mary Morin, the well-known painter, who has travelled extensively through Africa and specialises in painting exotic flowers and birds, is concerned in the interior decoration of the Cameroons section of the French Colonial Exhibition in Paris

THE book of the week is Paul Morand's "1900." With a guilty feeling I read that "women were so terrified of Montesquiou and Jean Lorrain" (who wrote gossip for *Figaro*) "that such a terror is incomprehensible to-day when we have adopted the habit of saying everything about everybody, thereby reducing calumny to nothing at all. Calumny has become a universal kindness."

AND this is Goodness Week. What can I say of anybody during Goodness Week? Everybody is being so kind. On the same evening Fritz Kreisler gave a recital at the Salle Pleyel, and Ruth Draper a recital at the Théâtre Daunou (the latter for charity), to packed houses. Kreisler is the god of the violin, but Ruth Draper is a goddess pure and simple; anyone who can hold the stage so long all alone is woman raised to deity.

THE morals of foreigners in Paris are changing. For a book-shop in the Champs-Elysées remains open until after theatre-time and caters for the tastes of men who drop in to buy a thriller to read before going to sleep. It is quaint to note that this book-shop's main custom is from two neighbouring hotels of such atmosphere that no male guest was seen, in the old days, going to bed with a book. . . .

AT the up-town Prunier I saw the Count de Cambo, the Catalan leader, a small, ascetic-faced man with a pointed grey beard. He possesses one of the greatest art collections in Europe. Also at Prunier was the Honourable Mrs. Adrian Holman, who just a year after her marriage at Notre Dame has applied to the Vatican for an annulment.

S. L.

Jouvenel, Edouard Herriot, Paul Doumer, Jean de Castellane, and Francis de Croisset. Something like seventeen hundred tables, with parties from six to thirty guests, had been reserved weeks ahead, so it is almost impossible to recall who was with whom and where. But there were the Duchesse de la Rochefoucald, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Abdy, Colette, the novelist, the Princesse Lucien Murat, Madame Ganna Walska, and Mrs. Reginald Fellowes. There was just one dark spot in all the gaiety of the decorations and lack of political conversation: Oscar Dufrenne, the theatrical manager and Deputy, had brought Josephine Baker.

PARIS is filled with lilac, white, mauve, deep violet. Most of the lilac comes from the banlieue (the suburbs), brought into town in armloads, in Citroëns, every morning. The bureaux des postes are fragrant with lilac, each postmaster of every Parisian quartier evidently having a cottage in the outskirts and bringing the flowers to town to decorate the desks of the fonctionnaires. These last-named are so drugged by the perfume that their guichets remain closed, and twenty people have to stand before one open wicket to buy one stamp. Such is the spring in Paris. The flower-stands, the baskets laid flat on the side-walks, offer innocuous bouquets of moss-roses mixed with forget-me-nots. So sweet!

"LEAN HARVEST," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S

Right: A scene from "Lean Harvest," showing, on the right, the wealthy Nigel Trent (Leslie Banks), his wife, Celia (Diana Wynyard), and Philip Downes (Nigel Bruce), the tertium quid—but hardly worth one—with whom she ultimately elopes

Inset: The first meeting, in his youth, of Nigel Trent (Leslie Banks) with Celia Hardman (Diana Wynyard) and on that very day Nigel almost forces his fiancée, Anne Dornay (Isabel Wilford) to throw him over, so that he may be free to make money, and lots of it

One of two scenes of fantasy introduced into this "straight" comedy. Nigel Trent dreams that he has married his first fiancée and is back again in his mother's house with a somewhat mad doctor, Dr. Plumtree (Eric Lugg), calling to attend to their children's ailments This play, by Ronald Jeans, is one of the most entertaining and interesting now running in the West End

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE HUMAN NOTE IN FACT AND FICTION

By "Junius"

MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL'S many admirers will delight in his first excursion into fiction, *Far From My Home* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a book of nine stories, mostly concerned with simple folk with whom intuition and impulse often take the place of reasoning. Each story stands out in its own particular atmosphere, and each story is a microcosm of the particular world in which it is placed. Mrs. Truefitt, in "A Change of Owners," with her insensate jealousy of her daughter's marriage; Mrs. Quarterley, in "The End of the Holidays," with her mental reservations; Eva Prendergast, in "Annual Holiday," with her snobbishness, are good examples of Mr. Sitwell's acute and sincere observation. Each of these three women would be turned to caricatures by the least over-emphasis. As it is, they and the characters in the other stories are so subtly suggested that whilst you are amused, interested, or irritated by their temperaments, you always see the situation from their point of view. The last story, "Hark! The Trumpet and the Drum," is a tragedy of poverty. Yes, a book of profound understanding of certain types of human nature.

MISS F. TENNYSON JESSE — Lenare

Whose new book, "Solange Stories" (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page. In private life she is Mrs. H. M. Harwood, the wife of the famous playwright, with whom she often collaborates

BENJAMIN SMITH, the hero of Mr. Edward Knoblock's *The Man with the Two Mirrors* (Chapman and Hall: (7*s.* 6*d.*), is an amazing person, but a most diverting and engrossing young man. He is half English, the other parts being Greek and French, and, having been brought from Smyrna to be a sort of footman in London, loses his employment by telling his mistress she is "no ladee." This starts Ben's adventures, which succeed one another with breathless excitement all through the book. They take him to the underworld of Paris, which Mr. Knoblock describes with realism, and finally to fortune as an art dealer. Ben is a complex, but his passion for beauty is actually his salvation from ruin. The book is crowded with incident and adventures. These, and Ben's originality —quite unlike any novel hero—hold your attention fast until the end.

AFTER reading *Time Stood Still, 1914-18*, (Duckworth: 8*s.* 6*d.*), I must confess that its author, Paul Cohen-Portheim, is most fair and broad-minded. He is an Austrian artist, and was in England when the War broke out. To his utter amazement, he was interned, first in the Isle of Man, and then at Wakefield. His book is the story of that internment, told with keen observation and no little humour. But his description of the rising tide of feeling against "enemy aliens" in England in the early days of the War is not a pleasing picture in our national history. He shows that the first internments were really made to silence public clamour, because the camp in the Isle of Man was not ready, and at first the prisoners suffered considerable discomfort.

Throughout the whole book Herr Portheim makes no complaint except against the system. He says: "I regard internment as horrible and as the cause of endless misery and major and minor tragedies, but to me personally it has been of the greatest value and assistance." His four years' internment, he adds, "meant for me an inner evolution." If somebody would form a library dealing with the miseries and horrors of war, Herr Portheim's book would have an important place in it. A book you should read—and remember.

A TRADITION appears to be growing amongst the younger novelists that no novel of life to-day is complete without certain physical descriptions. Mr. Vernon Knowles, for instance, up to a certain point, has told the story of a man and two women in *Pitiless Dust* (The Bodley Head: 7*s.* 6*d.*), not only with power, but with delicacy. Christopher Gray falls in love with Margaret Kent. Julia Brooke falls in love with Christopher Gray. So far, so good. Then Margaret goes to live with Christopher at his cottage. It is in his description of their life together that Mr. Knowles drags in the modern fashion of unpleasant and unnecessary detail. Instantly, away goes the delicate fabric of his story, the atmosphere of romance with which he has surrounded it. Nothing that happens afterwards—Margaret's marriage to another man and Julia's suicide—restores the lost impression. Those passages are entirely out of Mr. Knowles's picture. A great pity, since they have spoilt its poetry and romance.

I DON'T quite follow Miss Tennyson Jesse's intention in her foreword to *Solange Stories* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), but I have followed every one of the experiences of her lady detective, Solange Fontaine, with repeated thrills. They are something quite new in detective fiction, especially as the psychic element plays an uncanny part in some of them. The last one, "The Black Veil," is perhaps the most thrilling, because of its macabre subject —the murder of a woman by her son, who is ignorant of her identity, and the premonition through a repeated dream that he would die on the scaffold as a parricide.

THERE are few firms in England with such a record of extending interests throughout a century as that of Cadbury. *The Firm of Cadbury: 1831-1931* (Constable: 10*s.* 6*d.*), by Iolo A. Williams, a stout volume of nearly three hundred pages, is one of the romances of history. John Cadbury, one of the founders of the firm, started life as a tea dealer and coffee roaster, cocoa and chocolate being only incidentals. But seven years before the actual manufacture of cocoa and chocolate began he advertised, in a Birmingham newspaper, "J. C. is desirous of introducing to particular notice Cocoa Nibs, prepared by himself, an article affording a most nutritious beverage for breakfast. Chocolate, Patent Cocoa, Hops, Mustard, etc., of very superior quality." The growth of the great factory at Bournville and the building of the model town around it for the staff make very interesting reading.

THERE is a haunting quality in *The Skirts of the Forest* (Toulmin: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Violet Quirk, which I am

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

sure many people will find appealing. It is a simple story of peasant life in Southern Germany in the last ten years of the nineteenth century. When the book opens the railway had not even come to Zell, the little village in which the scene is laid, so we have all the age-long conventions, superstitions and customs. Miss Quirk has an especial talent for character drawing. Each person lives, particularly the bedridden Uncle Jacob—who has a most disconcerting habit of saying what should not be said before visitors—and the old servant Anna.

THE two sisters, Trude and Bettina, who are the heroines of the story, are admirably contrasted. One of the village girls is sent to a boarding-school. When she returns she is wearing corsets and other garments hitherto unknown in the little community. The effect upon the village is one of Miss Quirk's happiest touches; it shows the chasm which even so late as that period divided the peasants from the townsfolk.

ANOTHER novel dealing with countryfolk, but of a very different type, is *Dark Heritage* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Shirland Quin. These countryfolk are Welsh. Miss Quin, being partly Welsh, has an understanding of the race, and this understanding she has conveyed to her pages with rare skill. It is a long time since I read so convincing an account of patriarchal life

MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL
Whose first book of fiction, "Far From My Home," is reviewed by "Junius" on the preceding page. It is published by Duckworth at 7s. 6d.

as that of the Morgan family at Plas Mawr, a lonely Welsh farm overlooking the Atlantic. Here Mervyn Morgan grows up with a passionate attachment to the land and his home. But after a bitter quarrel with his elder brother, Evan, he runs away to America with the idea of earning enough money to return and buy a farm for himself in Wales.

AFTER working as a labourer, a farmhand, and a waiter, he enters an advertising business, and in the course of years, in which the War intervenes, he works himself up to the top. He marries and is divorced. Then the old love for Wales reasserts itself, and he returns to Plas Mawr. But he finds that whilst he has been assimilating American progress life at Plas Mawr has stood still. In the neighbourhood he is regarded as a foreigner; his progressive ideas rouse suspicion, and his interference with old customs is bitterly resented. So bitterly, indeed, that he is assaulted. Utterly disillusioned he returns to New York after marrying an American girl whose love he had sacrificed because of his love for Wales.

The writer shows, subtly and cleverly, how America absorbs her immigrants, and by some mysterious power loosens the ties that bind them to their native countries. This, I believe, is Miss Quin's first novel. It has such grip and power and wide perception that I shall look forward to the same enjoyment it has given me from its successor. "JUNIUS"

LOST (continued from page 447)

it was much harder for the sheep. Once they came to the place in the woods where the trees thinned, and, looking down, Alois could see the lights sparkling in the valley, but his eyes were so dim with the beating snow, and the weight of the lamb was so like a stake fastening him into his own footsteps, that he could find no spark of answering joy.

The moon overhead tore through fierce cloud-wrack like a battered ship, sucked down continually by gigantic waves. The snow hid all the stars; but those faithful lights beneath his feet—the stars of his dream cities—burned steadily on.

At last a châlet loomed up suddenly, solid against vaporous darkness. There was a sound of voices and a burst of light all round them.

They were just outside their own inn, and Alois, who was famished and as weak as a frozen bird, would have fallen, all stiff and cold, with the lamb still hugged to his breast, if his kind old neighbour Spiegel had not caught him in his arms.

Alois heard Spiegel's voice louder than any bells:

"Neighbour Heiss! Neighbour Heiss! Here's your lost child with all his sheep! You don't deserve to get him back again—sending him out on such a night as this!"

Perhaps it was this rebuke which made his father angry, or perhaps anger was the only paternal feeling his father had ever known, for he caught Alois out of Spiegel's arms and shook him, as if he had not been shaken enough by the storm!

"Ah! you good-for-nothing!" his father shouted. "Where have you been all this while, keeping us out of our warm beds hunting for your worthless carcase?"

Alois tried to speak, but his lips and cheeks were so stiff with the cold that no sound came. The black lamb dropped out of his clenched arms, and he fell back limp against his father's shoulder.

"Worm! Idiot! You ate too much for your dinner!" shouted his father, and he shook him again.

HIS mother came rushing out, but she, too, started cursing Alois; her maternal instinct had been very much alarmed, and being frightened always made her angry with the cause of her fright.

Neighbour Spiegel started cursing, too, but he cursed Alois's parents instead of Alois, till the air rang with curses, drowning the bleating of the sheep.

Alois's whole soul rose to his lips; he gave a loud cry, and for a moment they stopped to listen to him.

"But, father," Alois shouted, "I brought them all back, like you told me; I brought them every one!"

This seemed to annoy his father more than anything, for he seized the stick out of Alois's hand and began to beat him unmercifully, and as the cruel blows went on falling Alois's soul darkened in him. He had done all he could; the sheep were saved; God was not satisfied!

Without a sound he slipped from his father's clutch on to the snow, and the darkness swallowed him.

"You have beaten him enough," said Frau Heiss, and she picked up the child and carried him indoors, leaving the two men to go on quarrelling.

She poured spiced wine between Alois's lips and wrapped him in hot blankets and put the black lamb back between his arms, so that they could help to warm each other.

But Alois knew none of these things; he only knew that when he woke up something was dead in him.

After that night he began to behave more like other people. He answered curses with curses and blows with blows. Nor did he care very much when they took the black lamb he had saved to the butcher's.

"What have they done to the child?" the Priest asked himself sorrowfully. "They have driven God out of him!" And he felt for the first time quite alone in the village.

His father noticed no difference in Alois, but his mother, who was more sensitive, noticed the change with great satisfaction. "At last my boy Alois has become like other children," she said to her neighbour; "he seems more at home in the world. You should see him knock the younger ones about!"

A year or two later Alois went down into his shining valley.

He began to take cows and calves to sell at the market town, and when he had sold them well he came back drunk, and when he had sold them badly he came back sober.

But drunk or sober, he never had any more dreams.

P. B.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

'Milady's Petit Salon'—A fashion of 1770

Modes and Manners—

How changed they are, yet, in a changing world the vogue for the exquisite Yardley Lavender ever increases.

Fashion never sponsored a perfume more perfect for the informal occasion; no other is so charming for the young girl—so full of dignity for the woman of an older generation; so inimitably the lovable fragrance.

Sprinkler Top Bottles 2/6 to 16/6
Fancy Stoppered Bottles 6/9 to 70/-

Also Lavender Soap, 'THE LUXURY SOAP OF THE WORLD,' 2/6 a box of three tablets, Face Powder 1/9, Face Cream 1/6, English Complexion Cream 3/-, Talcum Powder 1/2, Bath Salts 2/6, etc.

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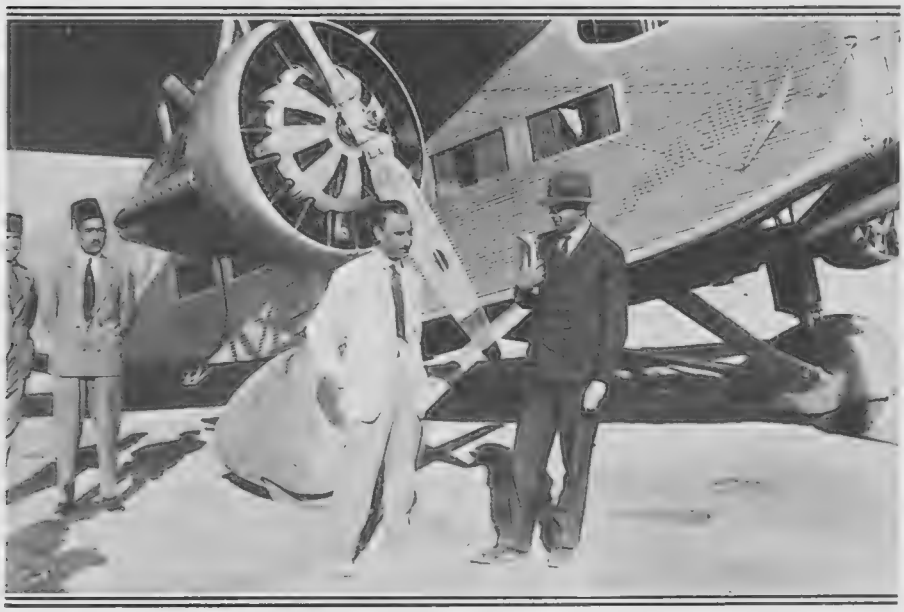
FLYING NOTES

AIR ACCIDENTS AND FALSE STATISTICS

By Capt. C. E. Ward



Mr. Alan Muntz, of Airwork Ltd., Heston, and Kamel Eloui Bey at Almaza aerodrome. In the background is the three-engined Ford monoplane in which the last part of the journey, from Tripoli, was made

The Accident Question

A SHORT while ago there appeared in a leading magazine a protest by a well-known writer against the misleading material encountered when he sought to compile some figures relating to aircraft accidents. He thereupon proceeded to expound some figures of his own on the subject, which were probably a good deal more misleading than those he should have secured from official sources. That, however, is neither here nor there. The recent unfortunate succession of accidents has given that section of the Press which loves to wallow in crash publicity an exceptional opportunity for displaying their records, and the majority are so misleading as to be grossly unfair to those who are trying to make flying a success in this country. Such figures as show the number of train deaths per mile compared to the number of aeroplane deaths per mile, disregarding entirely the number of passengers exposed to injury in a single accident, are simply fatuous. The constant reiteration after every crash week by week and month by month of the number of deaths up to date disgust both the flying and non-flying community. Mark Twain once said that there were three sorts of prevarication: plain lies, damn lies, and statistics. While certain writers continue to try and hypnotise the public with statistical records of air crashes, the maintenance of a sincere and intelligent effort to promote airmindedness—to use the popular expression—will not be easy.

Wireless control on the new Kent class flying boats used by Imperial Airways for the Indian and African mail, between Genoa and Alexandria. The equipment shown was supplied by Marconi's and has a range of 500 miles

Pilots and Parachutes

WHILE on the subject of accidents, it is worth noting that during the last week or two five Royal Air Force pilots have escaped by parachutes. This indicates, if indication is necessary, the wisdom of private owners providing themselves with this emergency equipment. That Service pilots during the course of their duties are subject to risks far outside those of ordinary civil flying is admitted, but the parachute is not to be lightly dismissed on those grounds. That the British Aviation Insurance Group have decided to allow a 20 per cent. rebate on the policies of all civilian airmen who carry parachutes of an approved type speaks for itself. Private owners who contemplate taking advantage of this concession might well study the rules and regulations on the use of parachutes as laid down for the Royal Air Force. One of the most important of these is that it should be worn on all occasions. The tendency "not to trouble about it" on short hops is only natural, but many people know from bitter experience that by the diametrical perversity of the Fates which ordain these things, the day on which the spare wheel or the fire extinguisher is left off the car is the very day it is required. "Always" is the golden rule for parachutes.

Learning at Lympne

AMONG the large number of new members who have recently joined the Cinque Ports Flying Club are Miss Amy Johnson, Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, M.P., two Naval officers, and five officers from the Small Arms School, Hythe. Mr. Lindsay Everard, who is chairman of the Leicestershire Aero Club, is doing useful work in his own county. He has arranged with the towns of Leicester, Market Harborough, Hinckley, Colville, Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and several others to paint their respective names on the tops of their gasometers. It seems almost too good to be true, and I only hope that everybody who owns a gasometer will seize buckets and brushes and start climbing their ladders. For a long while cross-country pilots have been hoping for some such movement, and long-deferred hope maketh even a pilot's heart sick. To-day, after ten years' of civil flying, a marked town is such a shining exception that pilots have been known to go out of their way to look at it. Leicestershire should be a popular county for cross-country flights.

British Enterprise in Egypt

AIRWORK, LTD., of Heston, is to extend its activities to the Middle East, and Mr. Alan Muntz has now completed an agreement for the formation of an Anglo-Egyptian civil aviation company. The new company, which will be directed by Mr. Muntz, is taking over Almaza aerodrome, and will co-operate with the Egyptian Aero Club. One of the most interesting projects will be the organisation of a passenger service to the surrounding countries, such as Palestine and the Sudan, with taxi 'planes available for tourists in Egypt.

ROUND THE WORLD IN ONE DAY

A COLONIAL COSMOS AT THE GATES OF PARIS.

The Gates are now open!

The Exhibition has astounded the world with its magnificent example of French genius in art and organization.

Fêtes arranged for May are:

Arrival by plane of native African Chiefs.

Celebration of the centenary of the Foreign Legion at the Theatre on the lake. Concert by the band of the Foreign Legion and nautical fête by night.

A day in North Africa—North African athletes—the celebrated "Andaloussia" troupe, etc.

Fête of the French Federation of Old Colonials.

"Round the world in a day" is not just a slogan—it is the Colonial Exhibition expressed in a sentence.

Fantastic Eastern palaces, native African huts and gorgeous heathen temples representing the Colonies have risen amid the sylvan glades of the lovely Bois de Vincennes.

Reverie-provoking names—Madagascar, Martinique, Marquesas, Guadeloupe, Indo-Chine! —Those who have longed to go to far-off places may now revel in strange scenes . . . . exotic surroundings . . . the lure of the East . . . satisfy their wanderlust in one day at this great Colonial Exhibition.

A splendid programme of entertainment, in keeping with the spirit of the Exhibition, will be exotic and authentically colonial — Javanese dances, primitive music, water fêtes, native pageants. Then the Zoo, the Aquarium, and many other features, are drawing interested crowds.

The traditional fine food of France can be enjoyed in beautiful restaurants, and, of course, there are native eating places, where spicy Eastern dishes are served.

The Exhibition will be open until October. All means of transport will be available at reduced rates during this period and information can be obtained at any travel agency.

DORLAND

GOLF GOSSIP

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

I NOTICE that one of the daily papers is employing the services of a lady who professes to foretell coming events. I wish I could have used her powers to deal with the ultimate results at Westward Ho! I am rather surprised at the "gallery" for the Abercrombie-Fairbanks match, but I know many members of the fair sex who would not have read the reports at all had it not been for the interest they take in the film star. Some of the photos of Douglas Fairbanks leaping a brook remind one of his feats in "Robin Hood"; anyhow, he made a very gallant fight only to be beaten on the last green. With true American thoroughness he was out on the course practising his iron shots when most people were breakfasting. How trying it must be to have to pause between shots to sign an autograph book. One after another one sees those the imagination had turned into possible winners fall out. Tipple, Torrance, Sutton, Bourn, and so on. The fact that his opponent's caddie was responsible for his win at the seventeenth seemed to take all the joy out of his victory for Herr Dewiel, a German entrant.

Joyce Wethered was a keen spectator of many matches, and was obviously pleased at her brother's victory over Torrance by 4 and 2.

* * *

R. S. ANDREWS, of the Northam Artisans' Club, was quite a local hero by virture of his defeat of Tom Maguire, the U.S.A. player, but the little man was most modest and protested that there were many members of his club who were better players than he, but unfortunately disqualified from playing.

The Hartley brothers are going strong. Lister Hartley's two shots at the 12th were marvels of length and accuracy, and might be described as the winning strokes of the match. Archie Aitken, who knocked out Noel Layton, is home on leave from Ceylon, where he has, I imagine, little opportunity for golf.

S. Roper, the Notts miner who shook up Bobby Jones—I believe it was last year—emerged victorious from his match with J. B. Beddard, but should be grateful to the rushes for which Westward Ho! is famous, or should I say infamous?

Mariano Demara, the Argentine millionaire, is an interesting personality at this meeting. With his staff of servants and luxurious car he is doing things in comfort.

* * *

THE new design of the iron clubs of the American players is creating great interest; it is said that the difference in quality of the American turf has necessitated a changed type of club. The result in this country is that the ball follows a much flatter trajectory than is the case with the more familiar irons used by our players.

At the Spring Meeting at Sandy Lodge M. R. C. Young won the Scratch Gold Medal with a score of 76+82=158; the Canny Ryal Cup was won by Donald Black (8), 71+82=153.

* * *

THERE is no end to Leonard Gullick's activities. The 19th Club is figuring once more, on the eve of their departure for America the Ryder Cup team and members of the Old Brigade, J. H. Taylor, Harry Vardon, J. Braid and E. Ray, are to be entertained by a large gathering of amateur golfers. It is rumoured that a high personage, whose keen interest in golf is common knowledge, will preside.

I cannot even think of this without being reminded of the non-inclusion of Henry Cotton in the team. He has stated that he would not refuse to play if asked, but red tape is once more to prejudice the possibility of our winning the Cup. May we hope for an eleventh-hour reversal of the decision? Let us put forward the strongest team we can get, including the brilliant young player who should have been the first to be selected.

* * *

G. H. GADD won the invitation competition at Stockton-on-Tees with rounds of 75 and 71. A. H. Padgam and A. J. Lacey tied for second place with 150, S. Easterbrook, a selected Ryder Cup man, being third with 153.

Miss L. Foster, of Westward Ho! won the Devon women's championship, defeating Mrs. Wordley by 2 up. Congratulations.

* * *

GOLF ball makers are continually on the look-out for improved methods of manufacture, and details which I have received from two of the principal firms within the last few days go to prove that not only is the cost of the golf ball down, but its life is likely to be prolonged.

Lady Astor is as stubborn a golfer as a debater, and won her game with Lord Lothian in the Parliamentary Handicap on the last green. Lord Jellicoe, Lord Westmorland and Sir Basil Peto were all successful survivors.

Henry Cotton, who recently won the One Thousand Five Hundred Guineas Tournament at Southport in face of a strong Overseas challenge. His non-inclusion in the Ryder Cup team is a severe set-back to our chances of victory

---

PLANS are afoot to erect a World Museum of Peace. The idea seems to be that what peace is left belongs in a museum.

* * *

THAT'S life in a great city. If it isn't one sin it's another.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

BEACH AND YACHTING SUITS

Things are seldom what they seem. The beach suit on the left from the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, is of silk, printed to suggest cretonne, the jumper being of white stockinette. The yachting suit on the right consists of white flannel trousers, with jumper, and coat of the blazer character

The RETURN of LEGHORN ADJUSTABLE BRIMS

HATS LIKE SNAIL SHELLS

In these strenuous days women like to curtail the length of their visits to the beauty specialist, so Phyllis Earle has arranged that while the facial massage is in progress another operator shall manicure the hands and treat the elbows

Short-sleeved dresses necessitate a bleaching treatment for the hands and arms. In the salons of Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street, this is achieved in a highly satisfactory way, special attention being devoted to the elbows

Fashion takes Thought

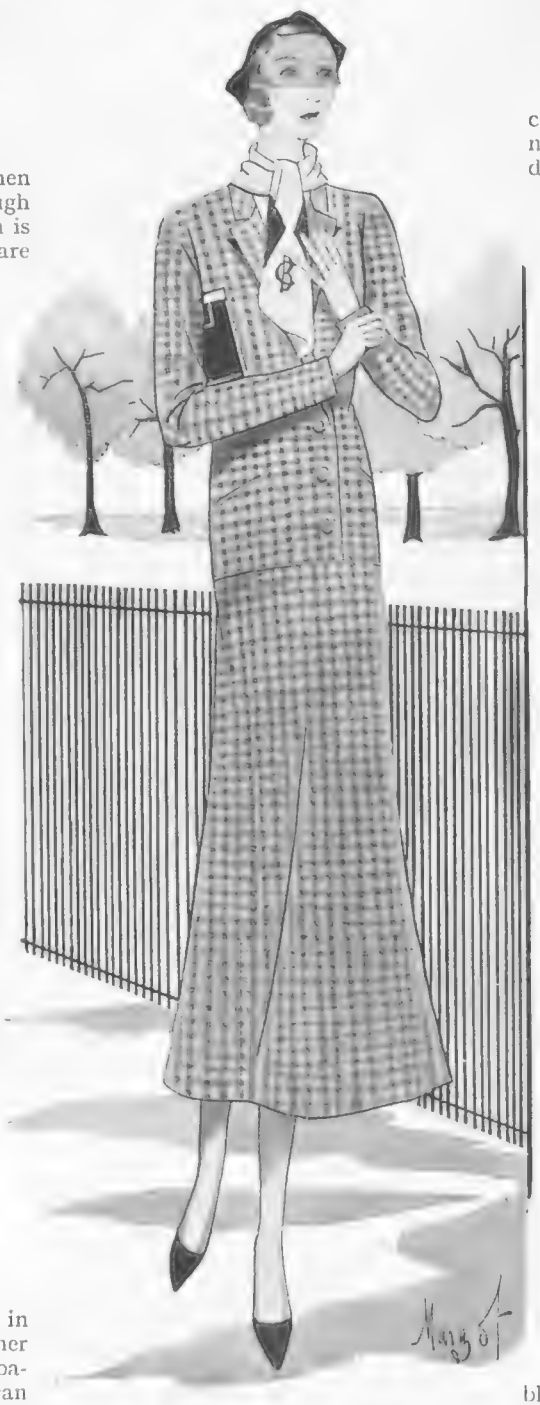
FASHION takes thought for women with short hair, and, although the large hat with waved brim is coming into its own, the crowns are cleverly moulded to the head, and the brims form a windscreen, so that the entire scheme will remain in position without the intervention of the "deadly" hatpin; in any case, it would be useless. Leghorn, a favourite nearly a century ago, has been revived. These hats are slightly raised from the forehead by a bandeau softened with georgette. It is finished with a stole end, which is destined to be draped over the shoulders. Sometimes salmon pink, cucumber green, and lemon yellow are present in the georgette. Flowers may be substituted for the georgette, the stole end being of shaded angel wing or satin ribbon.

The "Adjustable" Brim

THE wide brim is all very well out of doors, but in a restaurant it has a troublesome knack of interfering with the vision, especially if a side view is desired. Fashion has therefore sanctioned an adjustable brim. The crown may be of practically any material, the brim being of lace or crinoline. In a fraction of a second the latter may be removed, and there remains a becoming turban. It may be adjusted with equal ease, as there are patent fasteners. It is believed that in the near future the Zip will have its rôle to play. The aspect of turban toques may be totally altered by changing the bandeaux that encircle the face.

Headgear for the Beach

MUCH thought has been given in creating hats that will partner beach suits. Natural-coloured cocoanut fibre is being used for the American sailor and shady hat, and, of course, there are bags to match. A strong point in favour of these is that they are quite inexpensive. A novelty this season are the hats that are carried out in a multi-coloured straw that looks like "reeds"; no weave is present. They are just drawn together with threads. There are many variations on the Mexican theme with the "sugar-loaf" crown. Much amusement is sure to be aroused by the model that has been inspired by the snail shell. It is reinforced with a bandeau, and is really the smartest thing imaginable when arranged at the correct angle.



The 'Round Tower' tweeds are woven in the cottages of the Gaeltacht, Ireland; they are Dublin shrunk and fast dyed. Suits and coats built of these tweeds are just right for sports and country wear

"Round Tower" Tweeds

THERE are a variety of tweeds that bear the name of "Round Tower." The blending of the colours is all that could be desired, and, of course, there are many weights; some are suitable for wrap coats, others for tailored suits, and there are others that are remarkably well made up with coat frocks. Women, as well as men, must ask their tailors to show them patterns, and, should they not have them—well, the Gaeltacht Industries Depot, Beggar's Bush, Dublin, will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. They are produced under Government supervision, and the yarns are guaranteed pure wool throughout. As they are hand-woven they have individuality and distinction.

A Seasonable Suggestion

DURING the London season women regretfully have to curtail the length of time that they spend in the salons of the beauty specialist. Phyllis Earle, 32, Dover Street, W., appreciating this fact, has made arrangements whereby facial massage, manicure, and hand and arm treatments may be enjoyed at the same time. Naturally, this entails the services of a second operator. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that she has evolved hand and arm bleach treatments, special attention being devoted to the elbows. They certainly do need it, as the vogue for short-sleeved frocks becomes more pronounced. The arm and hand bleach, with manicure, costs 10*s.* 6*d.*

Men's Silk Pyjamas

These Silk Pyjamas are made from a most reliable Silk Yarn, and being the well-known Taffeta Weave ensure durability to the wearer. They are made to our usual high standard and cut on comfortable lines, guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Just the weight for tropical wear. In plain colours of Pink, Helio, Blue, or Apricot; also Fancy Block designs of Helio, Blue, or Rose Pink on White grounds.
Sizes 36 to 44 chest measurement.
30/- per suit,
3 suits for 87/-

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TWO MINUTES FROM VICTORIA STATION
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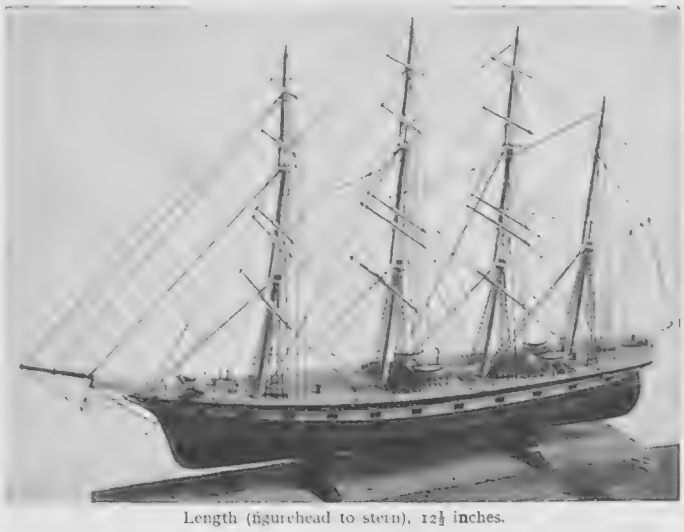
FREDERICK GORRINGE LTD TELEPHONE: VICTORIA 8600

"LOCH TORRIDON"
MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

USE IT....!
..Not only do I use it..
I keep an

extra tablet handy for emergency

6d. per tablet

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

MOTOR NOTES

A Morris "Isis" Saloon at one of the old Chinese gates of Taipeh, Formosa. The mudguards on the lower halves of the wheels are a Government regulation against the splashing of pedestrians

DON'T BE A SHEEP!

By E. M. Wright

With the close of May holidays begin to loom pleasantly near. Many toy with the idea of a motoring holiday. "Let us go to ——," they say; and in course of time they go. Far too often, however, the holiday which began with high hopes falls completely flat, and every member of the party is heartily glad when it is over. A motoring holiday can be the best of good fun, but it can also be a special and particular kind of hell if it is allowed to go wrong. Attention must be paid, of course, to certain obvious details, such as making sure beforehand that the car is in running order. But more important than the purely mechanical side of motor holiday-making is the psychological side. A well-assorted party will make light of unforeseen contretemps. If, on the other hand, the various members of the party are bored with the scenery and with themselves and each other, the trip will be a most dismal failure, even though it should run absolutely according to plan.

* * *

There is no denying the fact that most of us are as unenterprising as sheep. Our minds are made up for us. Difficulties are smoothed away. But the pity of it is that the more we have done for us the more sheep-like we become. Consider the Sunday morning exodus from London. Fully 75 per cent. of those on the road are bound for one or other of the more popular and more populous resorts. They all of them travel in a procession along main roads. They all start together, and they all return together. Throughout the day they follow each other in an endless queue.

* * *

Every year the modern motorist baas more pitifully, "Where shall I go?" Every year the A.A. and the R.A.C. are at greater pains to make it easier for the least enterprising motorist to find and enjoy the vulgarised resorts which he loves. Nothing could equal the completeness with which these two organisations prepare tens of thousands of tours for their respective members. Nothing, on the other hand, could equal the utter lack of enterprise which makes such services popular or necessary. From time to time readers ask me how to reach this or that well-known holiday centre. There will come a day, I am convinced, when I shall receive one such letter asking me the way to Brighton!

* * *

Columbus performed conjuring tricks with an egg and straightway discovered America. The modern explorer must be content with less, but we still have eggs, and we are none of us so travelled that we cannot make every trip we embark upon a voyage of discovery. If your holiday this year is to be a motoring holiday, choose somewhere you have not been before. Go out into the blue and deliberately avoid the more obvious main roads. Do not become alarmed if you lose your way. If anything, try to lose your way. A charming view will be all the more delightful because of its unexpectedness. Wherever you go and however you go, seek to be different. That is one of the secrets of a good holiday.

* * *

The man who sets himself a fixed time-table and is determined to cover the same mileage at the same average speed, whether he is running through the Black Country or down the Wye Valley, might just as well spend his days travelling in the Tube. Nothing can be so dull as a holiday which consists solely of motoring. Be the scenery never so glorious, to spend the whole of every day sitting in a car is weariness as much to the flesh as to the spirit. A car is, after all, only a means of locomotion, and a motor tour is enjoyable only so long as it takes you through scenery that is worth looking at and in a manner which enables you to appreciate it. By all means hurry as fast as you can over the dull bits, but along a river valley or on a mountain road go as slow as you like. One view alone may be worth fifty miles of scenery. The "hiker," of whom we hear so much, enjoys one enormous advantage over his motoring brethren. He travels so slowly that he has ample leisure to "digest" the view. Many a motoring holiday would be twice as enjoyable if the runs were cut shorter and if we had a chance of appreciating what we saw. To swallow half England in the course of a day or two produces mental and spiritual indigestion.

A Ford de luxe "Fordor" Saloon which sells at £245. It has six lights, a sliding roof, unsplinterable glass windscreen, hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers in front and rear, and many other valuable features

IN THE NEWS

6,000 Miles Round Europe

Only one British concern is represented in the great 10,000-Kilometre Trial, organised by the Automobile Club of Germany, which started on May 22nd and runs till June 4th. This is the

(Continued on page iv)

I would like to take this opportunity of complimenting you on the way you look after your business. You certainly deserve the position you occupy in the motor world because I am sure no other concern takes the care you do to see that your customers are so well looked after. I have again to report that my car is giving me perfect satisfaction in every respect and that it is, if I may say so, a magnificent advertisement in the North of Ireland for Rolls-Royce.

Owner's letter, reference 2032

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14-15 Conduit Street London W1
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THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

GET the "Filtrate" HABIT

Also use "Petroyle" for Upper Cylinder Lubrication.

These high-grade oils are OFFICIALLY APPROVED FOR MORRIS CARS

Send for our Morris Lubrication Chart (available for all models).

Headquarters: Filtrate Works, Leeds. London Depot: 43, Johnson St., S.W.1

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Le Touquet

on the French Channel Coast. 3 hours only from London.

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THE MOST FASHIONABLE CASINO IN FRANCE.

A large Pine Forest on the fringe of the sea.

Hotels:

WESTMINSTER In Forest—Close to Casino. 250 Rooms with Bath and 'Phone.

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for the cure of

ASTHMA, LARYNGITIS, NASAL and THROAT CATARRHS, DYSPEPSIA, BRONCHITIS, WOMEN'S DISEASES

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equipped with up-to-date apparatus.

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FULL INFORMATION FROM

SLEEPING CAR CO., 20, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

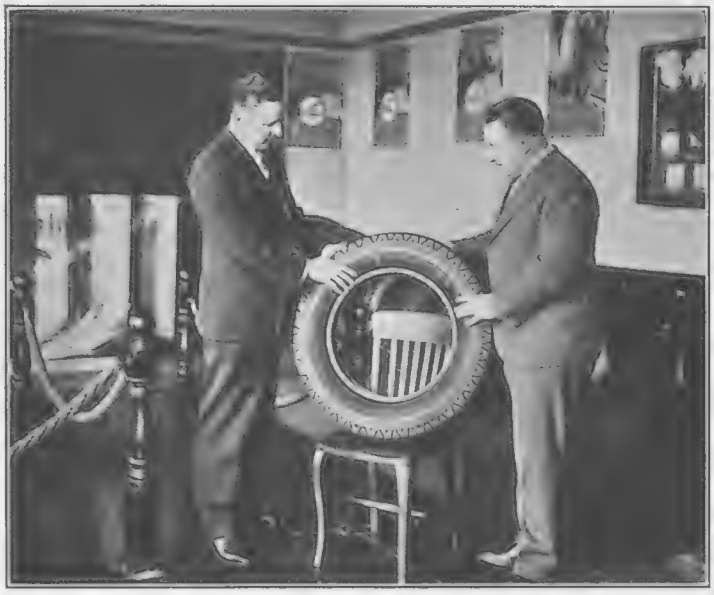
Riley, Mrs. Montague Johnson and Mr. Donald Healey both having entered their six-cylinder Alpine models. While these entries will doubtless uphold the prestige of the industry in this country, the conspicuous absence of further representation is a serious reflection on the enterprise of our manufacturers. The trial in question offers unique opportunities for valuable propaganda. The 6,000-mile course is set through every important country in Europe, and the event, therefore, takes the form of a huge travelling motor show. Despite rapid road development and extending markets overseas, Europe is still the richest harvest field for the motor trader, and is likely to remain so for some years to come. It seems deplorably short-sighted to overlook such opportunities of proving our products to our near neighbours.

What Is Good Petrol?

Motorists who wish to ensure that the fuel they use in their cars is of first-class quality should never buy unnamed spirit, they should always specify one or other of the well-known national brands, and should not ask for "No. 1." The term "No. 1" has long since been dropped by the leading companies in the interests of the motoring public, and to-day it cannot be regarded as an index of quality. Thanks to the scientific research carried out by the large petrol companies during the last few years, technicians are now generally agreed as to what constitutes a first-class fuel. It is not merely "petrol," but is an admixture of various elements blended to produce a fuel suited to the exacting requirements of a modern car. The big national concerns alone have sufficiently wide resources to ensure that their petrol contains the necessary constituent elements. For the sake of their reputation they take enormous pains to ensure that the petrol they supply is always of the same quality.

Improved Suspension

Stiff, harsh springing not only gives uncomfortable riding, it also tends to make it more difficult to drive. Each of the spring-leaves should be able to move freely. On most cars, however, they do not. A neat device to ensure this easy movement is Super Suspension. Ball-bearing plates are inserted between the spring-leaves at their outer ends. By such means the leaves can move freely, one on another, and their improved flexibility gives greater riding comfort; and, at the same time, by checking the tendency of the wheels to leave the road on a bumpy surface, reduces the risk of skidding. Increased wheel adhesion also makes it possible to take corners at speed with safety.



Mr. William E. Drick (left), the Managing Director of the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Co., Ltd., receiving from Mr. C. P. Hawkins, the Works Manager, the millionth tyre built at their factory at Brentford. Considering that the factory has only been operating for two and a half years, this is a wonderful achievement

A Remarkable Test

At Montlhéry, Paris, recently, a Singer Super-Six, driven by G. E. T Eyston, E. A. D. Eldridge, P. Brewster, and, in the latter part of the run, A. Denly, completed a remarkably successful five days high-speed endurance test in the course of which three new international records were established in class E. The run, as a matter of fact, would have gone on longer but for a heavy fog which made it impossible to continue. The records set up were the two days', the three days', and the four days'. Despite heavy rain and high winds during the early part of the run the car completed 8,245 miles at an average speed of 62 m.p.h. Except for an additional petrol tank it was a standard model having an ordinary Super-Six saloon body mounted on a "Kaye Don" chassis.

E. M. W

Warwick Wright Says

"WHO CARES 'BOUT THAT"

The historic remark of the coloured comedian was repeated to us when we pointed out that Armstrong Siddeley engines form the equipment of some of the world's finest aircraft.

The answer being that the same efficient and unfailing reliability which dictates this choice, is found in these cars.

Smooth—comfortable—and unfailingly reliable, with aircraft engine quality built in.

Then you also get the famous self-changing gear feature.

We would like you to drive one from our showrooms.

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Woodwright

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

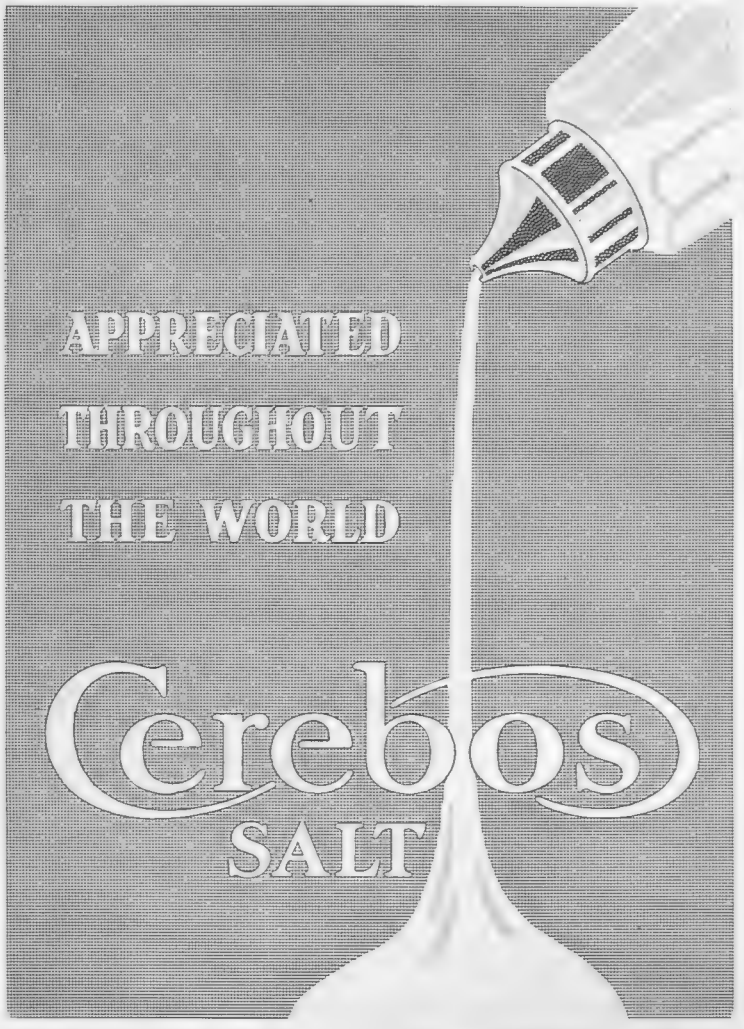
A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient thathas been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders.

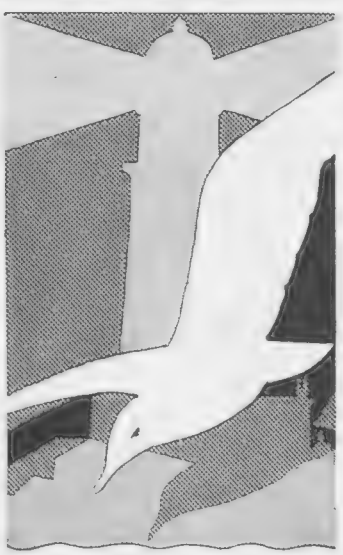
Every chemist knows Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test



A palace of the Western Ocean

The waves come all the way from Nova Scotia to look at Turnberry. Imagine a great hotel looking nearly as big as Ailsa Craig, that stands on the Ayrshire Coast where the best soil in the world and the best sea breezes have made the turf more firm and more elastic than a golfer's conscience.

Imagine it, the last word in comfort and modernity, full of golfers by day and dancers by night, all lighted up and looking from seaward like one of the new Cunarders that are not built yet. Come to Turnberry, the Guest House by the Atlantic.



Accommodation should be reserved early. Apply to the Resident Manager, Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland; or to Arthur Towle, Controller LMS Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

England's Latest Country Guest House. Opens July 1st. Tariffs and particulars from the Manageress

Information and Propectuses of travel facilities to German Spas are obtainable from all Travel Bureaux and from the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Come and see! The beautiful Rhineland

Prospectuses: **"Holidays on the Rhine," "The Rhine in Flames," "By Air from the Lake of Constance to the North Sea," "The Rhine and its Lateral Valleys,"**

obtainable from: German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, all Travel Bureaux and the Rheinischer Verkehrsverband E.V., Bad Godesberg am Rhein.

Coblenz, the old town on the German Eck, junction of the rivers Rhine, Mosel and Lahn, best place for a lengthy recuperative holiday and for excursions. Information from the "Stadt. Verkehrsamt" in **Baden-Baden**

"Bellevue" first-class and very reasonable. Ask for prospectus.

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2,600 ft. above sea-level nr. Baden-Baden Kurhaus (90 beds) Sanatorium (60 beds), modern comfort. Physical and dietetic treatment. Metabolic laboratory. Infectious and mental cases not admitted.
Tennis — Hunting — Trout fishing.

Ostseebad Travemunde Beautiful resort for holidays and all sports, golf links. 1½ hours from Hamburg, 4½ hours from Berlin. Prospectus from the "Badeverwaltung."

Bavaria **Munich.**—The centre of Culture in South Germany. Starting point for all expeditions into the Bavarian Alps. Objects of Interest: Deutsches Museum, old and new Pinakothek, Residenzmuseum, etc. Special arrangements Summer, 1931: Wagner and Mozart festivals, festive theatrical productions in all the theatres, Modern and Chamber Music. Serenades in the Brunnenhof of the Residenz. Munich Art Exhibition in the Glaspalast. Verkehrsverband Munchen, Hauptbahnhof.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen The leading open-air resort in the Bavarian Alps. 90 mins. from Munich. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming. Rope Suspension Railway to the Kreuzeck, 1652 m., and to the Wank, 1780 m.
Bavarian Zugspitzrailway. Rack Railway 2964 with **Hotel Schneefernerhaus.**

Apenhof-Parkhotel G. Pension from RM. 13.
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Eibsee Hotel 100 m. Most beautiful bathing beach at the foot of the Zugspitze. Pension RM.9. to RM.17. Motor bus connection.
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Hotel Gibson and Hotel Schönblick P. Pension from RM.13.
Hotel Pension Kohlhardt G. Pension from RM.8.
Hotel "Der Kurhof" the family hotel **P.** Pension from RM.10.
Dr. Wiggers Kurheim Sanatorium **P.** Four doctors with many years' clinical experience.

Information, Prospectuses from the Kurverwaltung, the Travel Bureaux and from each Hotel.

DOGS

THOUGHTS BEFORE SHOWING

BY LADY KITTY RITSON

I HAVE had several letters lately from correspondents on the question of preparing dogs for shows. (And while on this subject I should like to say that unless correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope I shall be extremely cross.) I should like to threaten that I wouldn't reply, but I am too fond of the dogs to do this, so please be a little thoughtful of my poor purse.

MY correspondents have been, of course, novices, but as we all have to make a beginning I thought it might be of interest to give a few particulars. Nobody knows for a certainty whether they have got a wonderful show dog or merely a very ordinary specimen (and this applies in a lesser degree to experts) until the dog appears in the ring and is compared with other dogs. An expert knows, more or less, what class of dog he has, but he can't be sure whether he is a first-prize winner. Sometimes the judge appears to be equally ignorant! I have bred dogs for years, but I think they are much worse than they are, and can hardly believe my eyes if the judge beckons me up.

HOWEVER, if you have a dog with a good pedigree and he appears to you to be sound, that is, he neither turns his hocks out or in, nor turns his fore-feet out, nor has bowed legs, you might well take a chance and enter him at a small show. There are plenty of what are known as sanction shows, which are held in the evening, and where the entrance fees are very low, generally about 3*s*. per dog. You will find all shows advertised in either *Our Dogs* or *The Dog World*, papers you can buy on any bookstall and which cost 2*d*. each. Having decided what show you are going to patronise, send for a schedule and enter your dog in one class, to give him a "try-out."

Miss Fay Compton at the Freak Dog Show held at Wealdstone in aid of the Harrow Hospital. She is seen with the winner of the Bandy-leg competition

DOGS should be kept in such condition that they are fit to show, and there is no special magic connected with "show condition" unless it is a gleaming coat and sufficient hard flesh. Of course, certain breeds, such as wire fox-terriers, wire dachshunds, etc., need "trimming," but an expert must do that until you have learned what to do. The price of an expert "trimming" is about 10*s*. Alsatians, bull-terriers, elk-hounds, and a host of other breeds need no special preparation. There is admittedly a great deal in the actual art of showing, but that is a matter of experience, and you should watch other breeders carefully. Teach your dog to stand quietly, to run on the lead without pulling, and you will have done a good deal towards obtaining favourable notice from the judge.

IF your dog has not had distemper dose him with Lintox, according to directions, two days before and two days after the show. There is no golden preventive against distemper, but Lintox will ward it off in a marvellous manner, and if you can get a dog up to twelve months old before it succumbs to the disease you have done a good deal, because it has then more stamina, and with luck and care ought not to suffer from distemper teeth.

Come to this haven of mid-ocean peace

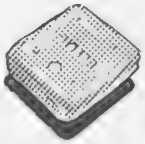
THE peace of bygone colonial life survives in Bermuda, blest isles of the Western Atlantic.

Life in the open is one great joy all the year and kindly old-world hospitality beautifies the hours of rest. Sport on land and sea, natural wonders that amaze and fascinate, and, over all, Nature's benign and smiling face, make life and holidays in Bermuda happy as the day is long. Why not make the trip *this* year?

Come to sunny

BERMUDA

For full particulars and dates of special tours write, The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



Can't say NO

When dogs go on hunger strike and want a bit of variety, feed them on Spillers SHAPES. Yoicks! Up dogs and at 'em! These little biscuits are made in 4 SHAPES and every SHAPE a different flavour. Wheatmeal—crisp for the teeth. Super—the vitamin biscuit for strength. Fruit—with real fruit in it for the digestion. And Ginger—a genuine ginger biscuit for appetite.

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In packets and bags 5d. and 1/-, and larger sizes. Also loose by the pound.

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BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.
Send for Catalogue FREE.
OUR MANUFACTURES FOR SPORT.

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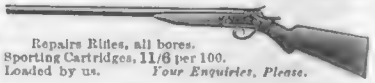

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BACHELOR

CORK TIPS

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A Superb Study of an Ocean Tramp Labouring in Heavy Winter Seas

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FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,

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REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) £2:2:0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) £1:1:0

The actual size of the print is 17 inches by 10½ inches.

Other Prints after FRANK H. MASON are:—

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"THE 'BOLIVAR'." "THE ROARING FORTIES."
"THE NIGHT MAIL." "IN COMPANY."
"LANDFALL." "WHEN SAILS BEAT STEAM."
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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres Variés

Crabe à la Flamande

Crème de Volaille

Meringues aux Bananes

Talmouses à la Saint-Denis

Café

Crabe à la Flamande

Chop finely two small onions, fry them in an ounce of butter, without browning, and add a gill of fairly thick Béchamel sauce. When boiling add about a pound of picked crab meat, blend well, and season highly, and put away to get cold. Then stuff the crab-shells with this, sprinkle the surface with fine breadcrumbs and melted butter, and bake in the oven.

Crème de Volaille

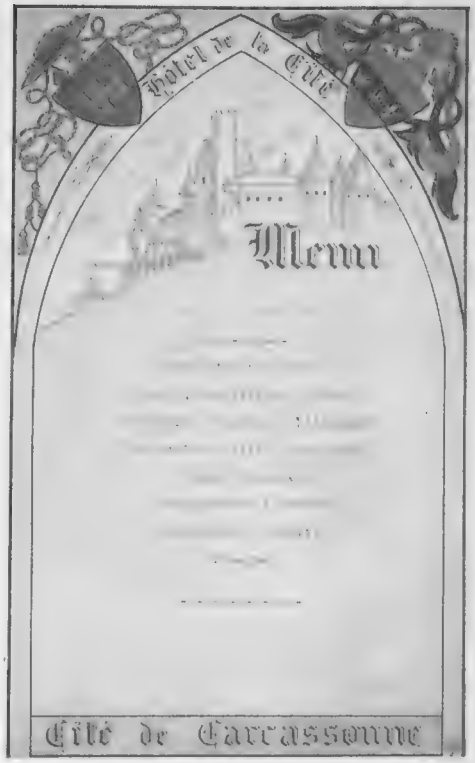
Pound the breast of a chicken in a mortar, add half a pint of double cream while pounding, and pepper and salt to taste. Pass the mixture through a hair sieve, and work in another half-pint of cream. Garnish a plain mould with truffles, tongue, and pistachio nuts, pour in the mixture, and steam for an hour very slowly. Serve with truffle or mushroom sauce, or a purée of ham sauce.

Meringues aux Bananes

Whisk stiffly three or four whites of eggs, then stir in carefully three to four ounces of very fine castor sugar. Shape the mixture into meringues by the help of a tablespoon or a forcing bag on to a meringue board or baking-sheet lined with paper. Dust the shapes with fine sugar, and bake in a very cool oven till the meringues are firm and crisp and of a light fawn colour. Press in the bottom of each, and place them on a tray to cool. Whip up one gill of cream. Peel two or three ripe bananas, rub them through a sieve, sweeten to taste, and add a few drops of vanilla essence, then mix with the whipped cream, and fill the meringue shells. Place each two together and serve.

Talmouses à la Saint-Denis

Take three tablespoonfuls of fine flour, five ounces of grated cheese, a pinch of salt, and mix all with a gill of milk and the same of cream; pound all in a mortar. Add five ounces of melted butter, stir in three eggs to make a stiff paste, which must be rolled very thin, and cut into small, round biscuits. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot.



IN OLD CARCASSONNE

The menu of a déjeuner served in the Hotel de la Cité, the wonderful modern hotel in the famous old walled city of Carcassonne. It stands in the middle of the grounds of the old château on what was formerly the site of the Archbishop's Palace

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Novel Publicity

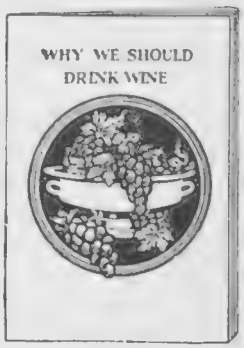
Mr. P. J. Pybus, C. B. E., M.P. for Harwich, and a bevy of bathing girls, took part at Clacton recently in the send-off to the publicity van which is going to Holland to boost the attractions of the Essex resorts. The idea of the trip came from Mr. Pybus, who had seen the efforts being made by Continental resorts to lure British holiday makers, and he decided, as he put it, to "carry the war into the enemy's camp." He owns a Morris van equipped with loud speakers which he had used in electioneering, and he had it painted with the slogan, "The Golden Sands of Britain" in English and Dutch. A Dutch announcer accompanies the van on its tour and will proclaim the charms of the Essex coast in the market squares of the towns and villages of Holland. 100,000 booklets in Dutch will be handed out from the van during its tour. The van, escorted by the bathing girls, was met by a Dutch girl in native costume, and large crowds of local people turned out to give it a rousing send-off on its "boost Britain" tour.

For the Hair

Many men and women to whom the care and appearance of the hair is a matter of importance make daily use of that famous preparation Rowland's Macassar Oil. It keeps the hair beautifully sleek, soft and lustrous, and gives just that extra touch of smartness which means so much. It is a great favourite with men, for whilst keeping the hair immaculate, it yet does not give an unnatural plastered-down effect. Manufactured by A. Rowland and Sons, Ltd., whose new premises are at 22, Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1, it is procurable from chemists, stores and hairdressers at 3s. 6d., 7s. and 10s. 6d.

In Praise of Wine

The house of Hedges and Butler, Ltd., the famous wine merchants, of 153, Regent Street, W.1, have just issued an instructive and interesting little booklet, "Why We Should Drink Wine," which is obtainable on application to the above address. Written by Lieut.-Col. H. I. Nicholl, D.S.O., one of the partners and directors of the firm, it contains not only an illuminating article on the medicinal value of wine, but discusses various types of wine, such as Port, Sherry, Bergundy, Bordeaux, Champagne, etc., in detail, and gives lists of the best vintage years of the different wines. It is a book which will receive a warm welcome from all who are interested in wine, and will greatly assist intending purchasers.



The cover of the instructive little book, "Why We Should Drink Wine." It is published by Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd., the wine merchants, of 153, Regent Street, W.1

The Morris van, equipped with loud speakers, which Mr. P. J. Pybus, M.P. for Harwich, has sent to Holland to boost the attractions of coast resorts in his constituency. It is seen at Clacton before leaving this country

Henry Cotton's Gold Watch

Henry Cotton and Archie Compston, who came in first and second in the Dunlop-Southport professional golf tournament, have each been presented with a gold wristlet watch by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., as have Percy Alliss and Horton Smith, who tied for third place. Although there was no stipulation regarding the make of ball to be played, Cotton won with a Dunlop.

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For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS,** 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** 695, *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** 9, *Via Condotti;* **MUNICH,** 6, *Residenzstrasse;* **GIBRALTAR,** 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or the American Express or any other Travel Agency.*

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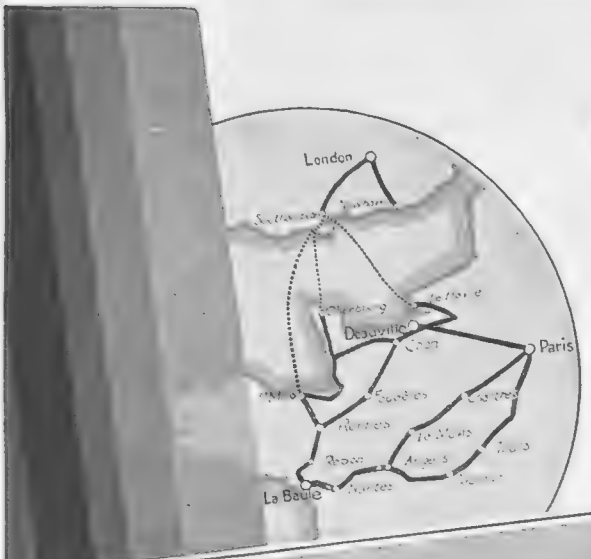

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Descriptive literature may be had from addresses shown, or from L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices. For particulars of Tourist, Excursion and Week-end tickets, inquire at L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices and Stations.

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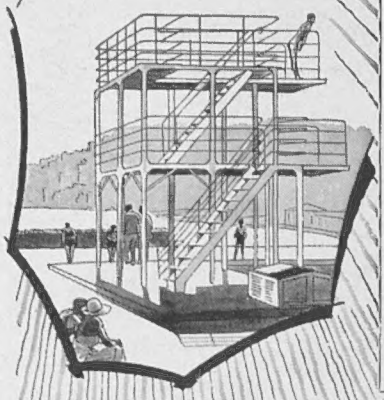

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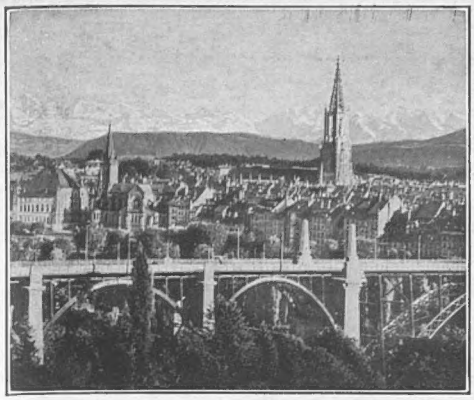

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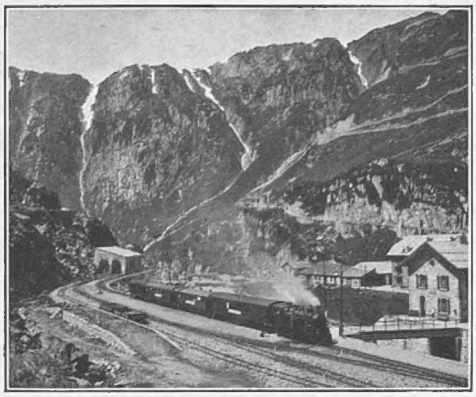

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High-Alpine Summer and Winter Resort at the foot of the Matterhorn, with the world-renowned **GORNERGRAT** (10,289 ft.), a gigantic panorama of more than 60 glaciers. The most beautiful way to reach Zermatt is to travel with the **FURKAOBERALP RAILWAY. Brigue, Gletsch, Andermatt, Disentis**—a wonderful trip from glacier to glacier with the "Glacier Express."

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One of the most picturesque Mountain railway lines, leads across the **Trient Gorges** to the **Mont Blanc** (15,771, ft.) the highest summit of the Alps.

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One of the most interesting cities of mediæval times with mighty bridges, arcaded streets, curious old towers and artistic fountains. Magnificent view of the nearby Alps. Centre for Alpine Flights. Fine Kursaal, Casino. July 24th—September 20th, 1931, I. Swiss Exhibition of Hygiene and Sport.

THE LOETSCHBERG LINE

leads through the most beautiful regions of Switzerland to the **Bernese Oberland,** the **Valais,** to **Italy** and to the **Riviera. Thun, Spiez, Interlaken, Frutigen, Adelboden, Kandersteg**

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INTERLAKEN

The Centre of the Jungfrau Region. Kursaal and fashionable Bathing Beach. **Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, Mürren, Scheidegg, Wengen,** Alpine Summer Resorts, connected by an Electric Railway Line of 70 km. **Schynige Platte** and **Jungfraujoch,** Europe's highest Station, are world-renowned View-points.

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(4,500 ft.) (Bernese Oberland.) The Alpine Flower Garden and Mountaineery. Tennis, Sun Bath, Swimming Pool, 16 Hotels, 1,500 Beds. Through Trains from Calais and Paris.

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Ideal Situation. All Sports. Bathing Beach. Casino. **Glion, Caux, Rochers de Naye, Les Avants.** Direct communication with Interlaken by the **Montreux-Oberland Railway.** From June 5th, Pullman Trains.

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The Metropolis of the Upper Rhine. Famous art treasures (Witz, Holbein, Böcklin). Starting point for all tours in Switzerland. Day Service from and to London. Golf.

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Switzerland's Metropolis on a lovely lake at the foot of the Alps. Direct Trains and Sleeping-cars.

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The Alpine Land of 150 Valleys of 900 ft. to 6,500 ft., unsurpassed for its Alpine Scenery and Climate, offers the greatest choice of Holiday and Health Resorts, Sports Places, Spas, Alpine Lake and Mountain Bathing Beaches. Best accommodation within any means (Pension Terms from 7/-). Summer Hotel Guide of Grisons obtainable free of charge from Travel Agencies and Official Enquiry Office, Chur (Switzerland).

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Favoured Spring, Summer and Autumn Resort in splendid situation on the Upper part of the Lake Lucerne. Modern Bathing Beach. Daily Concerts and other Entertainments at the Kursaal. Beautiful Walks in the Woods.

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Lake Lucerne. Grand Hotel Palace, 200 Beds, all comforts. Ideal for Golf, Tennis, Bathing. Pension Terms from 11/-.

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(4,120 ft.) **Bretaye** (5,900 ft.) Golf (9 holes). 14 Tennis Courts. Swimming Pool. Centre of Excursions. Boarding-houses and First-class Hotels.

'Duggie' explains—

"Half a Corona"

Sir Edward : "Good morning, Stuart. Lord Fewar asked me to see you. You recollect earlier in the week having a slight misunderstanding with him over a 'phoned bet?"

Duggie : "Quite well, Sir Edward. His Lordship claimed to have telephoned me '£100 on HALF CORONA,' which I could not trace having received. Although I never solved the mystery, I had no hesitation in accepting Lord Fewar's word, and as the horse won at 7/1, I sent him my cheque for £700."

Sir Edward : "Ha, now comes the sequel! His Lordship wishes to tender you his sincere apologies, and to return you your cheque."

Duggie : "But why?"

Sir Edward : "It appears the telephoning of the message was left to his new butler, who knows nothing of racing, but a great deal about cigars, and seeing the word 'Corona,' rang up Harrods and ordered a hundred."

Duggie : "Extraordinary. And how did Lord Fewar get to the bottom of it?"

Sir Edward : "Why, *he never smokes cigars*, and when they arrived there was no difficulty in tracing the whole thing. Anyhow, it reflects great credit upon you, and I must say his Lordship is most *enthusiastic* over the way you treated him. By the way, what are you doing about the 'Tote'?"

Duggie : "There is no facility offered by the 'Tote,' Sir Edward, which my clients may not enjoy, and, of course, on Credit."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

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